

The Daily

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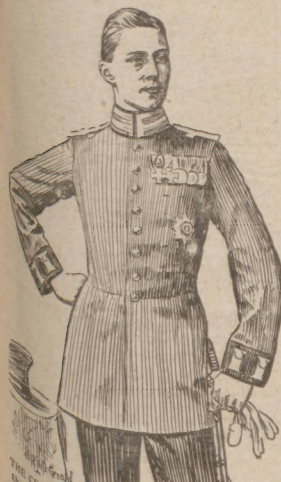
One halfpenny.

FICKLE PRINCE.

German Crown Prince's One Great and Numerous Small Love Affairs.

The Kaiser's eldest son, the Crown Prince of Prussia, instead of being cured of his love for the American, Miss Gladys Deacon, is more in love than ever, and is (say reports from Berlin) most willing to sacrifice his claim to the Imperial throne in order to make her his wife. The German people are led to expect some highly interesting and sensational developments. The one enduring love of the Prince's life, ever since he realised the meaning of the word, has been this fair American girl. Other girls have crossed his path; some have made momentary impressions on his very impressionable nature; but the first lady has been effaced by the next fancy. The Kaiser and his son had words with Miss Eleanor Dreisel, of Columbus, Ohio, whom, while still in his teens, the Crown Prince fell down and worshipped at Bonn. Miss Dreisel was older than William, and treated him as a brother for some time. When she discovered that he was actually prostrated with grief, and that even fraternal relations must cease, she went to America to live, she was obdurate, and the Prince did not really mind, because just at that point he met Miss Gladys Deacon. He talked for twenty minutes, and felt his fate was sealed for ever. The girl herself, it is said, was responsible for the story that the Prince proposed to her on the spot, so he must have "told" himself.

Fascinations of the Fair American. American girls, he says, fascinate him, although he is afraid of them. His diary could be quaint reading, as it would tell how he passionately loved Miss Isadore Duncan, who went into his heart at Berlin; Edyth Walker, who won her way to the same emotional centre at



THE CROWN PRINCE WILHELM OF PRUSSIA. The eldest son of the Kaiser, who has fallen in love with an attractive American actress.

Vienna. Miss Bessie Abbot, who fascinated him at the Grand Opera House. But in the intervals of a number of each of these charming ladies, the Prince remained constant to Miss Deacon. The Kaiser's family switched him off to his cousins. "Awfully nice," he said. "I'm devoted to them all, but even the three. How about Miss Deacon?" So he went to Blenheim, and his daughter was one of the house party. He said he gave her a ring, but even the girl's mother don't believe that. In December it seemed that after all he was not to be a free swimmer, for he became infatuated by the actress Gladys Deacon, an actress at the Royal Opera House at Berlin. She, however, persisted in her advances, remaining deaf to all the Crown Prince's protestations, and as the Kaiser said, "Nonsense, when I take my trip to the south you shall come with me; I will send you on a foreign tour." Two or three years ago the Prince remembered Miss Deacon, it is said that the Duc d'Aumale hopes to marry Miss Deacon, too.

CROWN PRINCE RISKS A THRONE FOR LOVE.



Miss Gladys Deacon, the beautiful American actress, with whom the Crown Prince Wilhelm of Prussia is in love. The affair is causing the Kaiser and Kaiserin the greatest anxiety, lest the Prince may contract a morganatic marriage.

CUNARD COMPANY'S ACTIVITY.

The Cunard Company confirm the statement that they are making arrangements for an improved summer service between New York and the Mediterranean. The largest vessel ever built on the Wear, the steamship Yamuna, of the British India Steam Navigation Company, has been bought, and it is understood that the company are negotiating for the purchase of two other vessels for the Mediterranean service.

WORK DISGUSTED HIM.

"I am not one of those who gain their bread by the sweat of their brow. That is a fool's game." So began a letter which a Paris tradesman last night received from an employé he had engaged. "Work disgusts me," the letter went on. "I only work one day a year, and, thanks to you, I have been able to-day to earn enough to keep me till the end of the year." It was quite true, for he had taken over £200.

NOVELIST'S LITERARY DEBT.

"Henry Seton Merriman," the novelist—in private life Mr. Hugh Stowell Scott, of Long Spring, Melton, Suffolk—has left estate valued at £33,202. He bequeathed £5,000 to Evelyn Beatrice Hall, in token of his gratitude for her continued assistance and literary advice, "without which," he wrote in a codicil, "I should have never been able to have made a living by my pen."

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: *Gusty and cold easterly breezes; local falls of hail, sleet, or snow, with fair intervals; frosty at times inland.*

Lighting-up time, 8.50 p.m.

Sea Passages: English Channel, North Sea, and Irish Channel, all rather rough to moderate.

The King and Queen yesterday opened Parliament in full state, the ceremony being a very picturesque one. Indifferent weather rather spoiled the procession, but the warmth of the reception given to their Majesties by the crowds was in no way lessened. (—Page 2.)

In his speech from the Throne the King referred to the Far Eastern question in these words: A disturbance of the peace in these regions could not but have deplorable results. Any assistance my Government can usefully render towards a pacific solution will be gladly afforded. (—Page 2.)

In the House of Commons the debate on the Address was begun and carried on without any noteworthy incident. (—Page 2.)

Mr. G. Lambert, M.P., has given notice of an Amendment to the Address, regretting the Public Prosecutor was not directed to proceed against those responsible for the London and Globe Finance Corporation frauds. (—Page 4.)

The Premier, Mr. Balfour, was unable to attend the opening of Parliament owing to an attack of influenza. He is confined to his room. The latest news as to his condition is of a favourable character. (—Page 2.)

The *Daily Illustrated Mirror* understands on the best authority that Mr. Balfour will, on Easter Tuesday, April 5, order the issue of writs for a General Election. (—Page 2.)

The Far Eastern situation assumes a most serious aspect this morning. Telegrams state that the Russian warships at Vladivostok have stripped the action and that war plans have been submitted to the Tsar showing that nearly 400,000 men are ready in the East for emergency. (—Page 3.)

A Reuter's telegram from New York announces the death of Mr. W. C. Whitney, the millionaire, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis. (—Page 6.)

The story of Queen Alexandra's visit to a gallant old bachelor lying ill in the village of Sandringham now that it is told in detail is a very charming one. (—Page 5.)

The efforts of the police to elucidate the mystery of the £12,000 bank-note robbery at the Hotel Métropole have so far failed. (—Page 4.)

The First Chamber of the Civil Tribunal of the Seine will, next Saturday, give its decision in the Bryan will case. Deceased left a large sum of money to South Kensington Museum, and this is disputed. (—Page 12.)

By the will of Mr. J. W. Cudworth, formerly a Leeds solicitor and well-known Quaker, the value of the estate, sworn at £134,781, and the ultimate residue, is left in trust for the Pusey Memorial Library at Oxford. (—Page 9.)

The outlook in Lancashire as a result of the gambling in cotton does not improve. The world's market has been cornered by one man now many times a millionaire. (—Page 9.)

Latest particulars concerning the Morocco Pretender are more mystifying than ever. He is alternately spoken of as being dead, ill, and active. (—Page 8.)

The most noteworthy item of news in the sporting world yesterday concerned the King's chaser, Ambush II., which is making good progress in its preparation for the Grand National. (—Page 11.)

Racegoers at Nottingham spent a quiet time. Sir P. Walker's Flutterer was the chief winner during the afternoon. (—Page 11.)

At the inquest yesterday on the body of a man named Clarkson, an inmate of Bethnal Green Lunatic Asylum, found with his throat cut, the suggestion was made by the widow that insanity was brought about by his initiation as a Freemason. (—Page 4.)

Heavy rain has again produced general flooding in the Thames Valley, and the position at Hampton Court, as shown in illustrations, is very serious. (—Page 12.)

Princess Alexandra von Ysenburg, one of the best known of the many fashionable lady friends of Monte Carlo, now appearing before the Courts at Frankfurt on a charge of fraud, is said to have had a most romantic career. (—Page 8.)

Wireless telegraphy continues to develop to a wonderful extent. Now Signor Marconi is worried with a proposal on the part of the German Government to introduce unfair competition. (—Page 8.)

It is suggested that pharmacy opens up a field of employment for ladies hitherto little thought about. Statistics show that the work is well paid for. (—Page 13.)

So great has the rat nuisance become in the town of Freinwald, Germany, that the local authority has ordered an organised hunt, which will last for ten days. (—Page 12.)

Stanton-by-Dale, near Derby, has been the scene of a pathetic love tragedy, a young girl rushing into church after taking carbolic acid, and later expiring. (—Page 4.)

A better feeling characterised the Stock Exchange yesterday. (—Page 11.)

To-day's Arrangements.

The Prince of Wales presides at the smoking concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, Queen's Hall, 9.

Central Liberal Unionist Association: Mr. Chamberlain meets members of council to consider future of Association.

Convocation of Canterbury.

Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, Freemasons' Hall, 4.

Federation of Grocers' Associations: Deputation to Lord Onslow, 12.

Racing: Newmarket; M. on.

EASTER GENERAL ELECTION.

When Mr. Balfour will Issue Writs for the Great Fiscal Fight.

With the reassembling of Parliament the question in everyone's mouth is: When will the next General Election take place?

Liberals are basing their hopes on the possibility of "snap" divisions, and a defeat of the Government with the aid, or by the defection, of the Devonshire free food party.

The *Daily Illustrated Mirror* is in a position to state that the Government has for some time settled in its own mind the most convenient date for going to the country.

Unless Mr. Balfour's present plans are seriously disturbed by some unforeseen event, the writs for the great Fiscal Election will be issued on Easter Tuesday, April 5.

It is an open secret in the inner circle of Conservative politics that Mr. Balfour has long been bent upon a dissolution at Easter. Two months ago, it is said, Mr. Chamberlain was strongly opposed to this date, desiring a further period to permit of the better education of the people in the mysteries of Tariff Reform.

Just now, however, there seems to be a distinct lull in the progressive movement which Mr. Chamberlain began so pluckily last May, and for this reason the latter is quite ready to fall in with Mr. Balfour's date.

There is, of course, the danger of the overthrow of the Party now in power. For this the Government is said to be well prepared. The session now commencing will give it time to push the legislation to which it is pledged. Should it be defeated at the polls the confident hope is expressed that the divisions still existing in the Liberal ranks will shorten the life of the next Parliament and allow of another General Election, at which the Conservative Party might reasonably hope to be successful again.

PARLIAMENT OPENED IN STATE.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra Drive to Westminster Palace in the Pouring Rain.

"What fools he must think us," said the stout lady in the front row.

She was alluding to his Majesty King Edward VII., on his way to open Parliament in the pouring rain.

"If you want the sweets, you've got to put up with the sour," she said, from time to time.

The crowd, a good-natured, if damp and hungry crowd—for most of it had gone without its lunch—stood in a compact row from Buckingham Palace down to Whitehall and Westminster.

Carriages drove by—the state coach of some great nobleman, sulphur yellow or crimson-lake fellows in cocked hats and eighteenth century liveries behind and in front, the panels gay with coronets and heraldry—hansoms, four-wheelers, and modest broughams followed, between the crush of people and the thin file of soldiery.

Princes of the blood, of Connaught, Battenberg, and Albany, youngsters cheery in their bright new uniforms, follow. The royal pages, rosy-cheeked and with carefully brushed hair, have a carriage to themselves. Then come the great officers of state heralding the royal procession. They wear the ribbons and stars of the great orders, uniforms of scarlet or blue; they bow to friends in favoured positions whom they recognise through the carriage windows.

The Queen Smiles.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, in their great glass coach, laden with serving-men in the royal colours, receive a hearty welcome.

Crabmen, with drawn swords, their cuirasses hidden under the heavy blue cloaks, go by in squadrons; for their Majesties are now at hand, and in the distance one hears the sound of cheering and sees the large gilt crown that tops the golden structure of the state coach of the King and Queen.

Glass and gold are the materials of this state coach, large, easy to swing on its great leather straps, and drawn by the famous Hanoverian creams, the rarest breed in Europe.

Out of this frame of glass and gold look two portraits. There is our lovely Queen, the crown on her head as in the pictures that we know so well. She is bowing to us. So is the King.

Every discomfort, every "hamper" every misgiving about the gilt on the carriage, vanished as if by magic at the potency of that smile. The Queen smiled the rain completely away.

So excited did victorious enthusiasm become that it put down its umbrellas in order to cheer more loudly, forgot to put them up again until a golden patch, representing the state carriage's back, was disappearing in the distance.

What the King Said.

Past staircases and corridors lined with stalwart Lifeguardsmen, with gentlemen-at-arms and picturesque Beefeaters, their Majesties passed on their way to the dual Throne; before them the Duke of Norfolk, in the resplendent uniform of Earl Marshal; the Marquis of Londonderry bearing the crown, glittering on its crimson cushion; the Marquis of Winchester carrying the Cap of Maintenance; while, above all, towered the Duke of Devonshire, bearing the Sword of State. In front and behind this regal procession hovered a group of state officials whose raiment of scarlet and gold flashed back the electric lights with a myriad rays and tremblings.

The King led her Majesty by the hand up the steps to the throne prepared for her; and then, when both had taken their places, his Majesty said: "My lords, pray be seated." The ripple of gems and the rustle of rich brocades that had marked the uprising of all as their Majesties entered was repeated; and then Black Rod was despatched to summon the "faithful Commons."

Diplomats in gorgeous uniforms, peeresses in evening gowns of silk and satin and velvet, judges in their scarlet and ermine, the peers in robes of scarlet, bishops in sober black, the Commons in the tailor-made garments of every day—all made a spectacle impressive and symbolic of the Empire's majesty.

The King, speaking in a strong, clear voice, began by referring with evident satisfaction to the arbitration treaty recently concluded with France, and by a reference to similar treaties with Italy and the Netherlands now in process of negotiation.

He touched on the settlement of the Alaskan boundary question, and a similar settlement now pending with Portugal and having for its object

the delimitation of the respective frontier lines in South America.

The Somali campaign was next referred to optimistically, and recognition was given to the services rendered to our Government by the Italians and the Emperor Menelik.

At last his Majesty came to the Far-Eastern question; and now there was a stir among the Diplomatic body. "A disturbance of the peace in those regions could not but have deplorable consequences. Any assistance which my Government can usefully render towards the promotion of a pacific solution will be gladly afforded" were his Majesty's words.

The situation in Macedonia and the new International reorganisation of the gendarmerie in the disturbed provinces was next discussed.

Imperial Affairs.

Australia and New Zealand's larger share in the naval defence of the Empire and the preferential tariffs recently introduced in the latter Colony were matters for congratulation.

The efforts to grow suetina cotton within the Empire for the needs of that great industry had his Majesty's sympathy and support.

As for the mission to Tibet: "A Chinese official has been despatched from Peking to meet it, and I trust that an arrangement may be arrived at with the Chinese and Tibetan authorities which will peacefully remove a constant source of difficulty and friction on the northern frontier of my Indian Empire. Papers on the subject will be laid before you."

New Legislation.

During the coming session it is proposed to introduce measures dealing with "the evil contentment on the immigration of criminal and destitute aliens"; with the sale of intoxicating liquors in England; with valuation authorities and the preparation of valuation lists; with education in Scotland; with the Labourers Acts and the Housing of the Working Classes Act in Ireland.

Proposals will be laid before you," concluded his Majesty, "for amending the Workmen's Compensation Acts, for amending the law relating to public health, for dealing with the hours of employment in shops, for consolidating the enactments relating to Naval prize of war, for removing, after the termination of the present Parliament, the necessity for re-election in the case of acceptance of office by members of the House of Commons, for supplementing the powers of the Congested Districts Board in Scotland, and for amending the law relating to sea fisheries."

THE ABSENT PREMIER.

The opening of Parliament without the presence of the Prime Minister is much like a performance of "Hamlet" without the prince.

As so often before, it was influenza that gave Mr. Balfour's understudy an opportunity. The Premier, following his doctor's advice, stayed in bed yesterday, and read his *Daily Illustrated Mirror* in the snug seclusion of his four-poster.

Mr. Balfour is not always so tractable. His friends and medical advisers have for years urged upon him the necessity of taking a long-holiday, preferably in the South of France; but beyond an occasional stolen week on the golf-links, Mr. Balfour has steadily declined to relinquish the helm of State, and to hand over his too numerous duties to one of his colleagues.

No Minister is more hardworking or conscientious than the British Premier, and it is a thousand pities that public business will not allow him the time for a thorough and well-merited rest.

How to Treat it.

Though doctors agree nowadays to call any and every infectious catarrh of low fever by the name of influenza, nobody has clearly defined this dreaded and insidious scourge.

It may be a case of fever, accompanied by a temperature of 103 or 104; or the temperature, again, may sink to below the normal; or heart failure, accompanied by frequent fainting fits, may be the symptoms upon which the diagnosis is based.

"Peace, perfect peace," is the remedy usually recommended, accompanied by a varied and plentiful diet, including champagne and the best brandy procurable.

IN THE COMMONS.

Mr. Chamberlain Accorded a Great Reception.

When the House of Commons met again at four this time for the transaction of its own particular business, the benches below the gangway received a notable newcomer. This was Mr. Chamberlain, whose appearance was the signal for the first cheer of the day. Mr. Chamberlain played the part of a prominent sessionist once before, and it was interesting to note that he now took almost the same place as that from which he was wont to exchange rather acid civilities with Mr. Chamberlain in the long nights of the Home Rule controversy. On the one side of him was Mr. Chaplin and on the other Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence.

The strangers in the gallery, who were of course all agog to see the leading player in getting a set political stage, had some difficulty in getting a clear view of the slight and boyish figure which seemed to dwindle almost to nothing between the ample proportions of his two immediate neighbours. It was now known that Mr. Balfour was to be absent, and one felt that the scene was deprived of much of its interest.

Still, there was the introduction of new members, which the Opposition seized upon as a good occasion for a splendid party demonstration. Mr. Toller, the newly-elected of Norwich, coming in for an especially rousing Liberal cheer.

When this was concluded, a few words by MacNeill had enjoyed the inevitable "few words" on the Standing Orders of the House, a way made for the two resplendent gentlemen who were to move and second the Address, as Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman afterwards put it, to "raise round a great many subjects without making any indiscreet disclosure."

These gentlemen, Mr. Laurence Hardy, who wore a military uniform, and Mr. Plummer, who wore a court suit, discharged their tasks quite satisfactorily, and then followed the Leader of the Opposition, making in his rather hesitant way the points with which the platform orator of the House had made us familiar.

He was kept in countenance by Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley, the latter being especially delighted when Sir Henry concerned himself in a quotation and not a little weary through it. But it is hard to play Hamlet with the prince out of the cast, and the debate suffered badly by the



JOHN MORLEY.

He signalled his return to the House of Commons activity, after his work on the "Life of John Morley," by moving the official Liberal amendment to the Address.

Photo by the Address.

absence of Mr. Balfour, who would have had a thing interesting to say in reply.

In his absence Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who had been busy taking notes, and who was Chamberlain of the Exchequer has precedence over Mr. Austen Chamberlain, spoke for the Government.

Mr. Chamberlain was a full and able Minister, and perhaps a little overweighted by the weight of this duty, and the presence of his father-in-law in the ranks of listeners can hardly have added to his composure.

He managed, however, to acquire himself sufficiently, confining himself—perhaps to the fact of his own unpopularity, and leaving it to Mr. Balfour to deal with, when he returns, the immediate introduction of the Government.

After the Chancellor of the Exchequer had finished, the debate moved down an inclined plane to the adjournment for dinner.

The sitting was resumed at nine o'clock, and the debate on the Address was continued by Mr. Buchanan and other private members.

About ten o'clock there was a full and able house while the Attorney-General explained the reasons for the advice he gave against the prosecution of Whitaker Wright.

IN THE LORDS.

Far East Mediation not Wanted by Any of the Parties.

The only feature of last night's debate that for notice was Lord Lansdowne's observation "as to the negotiations between Japan and Russia, his Majesty's Government had not indeed any use their good offices, and it was not indeed secret that one at least of the disputants had stated plainly that he did not seek mediation at the present time. The desire of the Government was to promote a pacific solution, and they would be ready to avail themselves of it."

According to "The Car," the Prince of Wales has his 22-h.p. motor-car registered at the London County Council, believing that it will be less conspicuous with a number-plate than with one claimed the exemption to which he is entitled.

MYSTERY OF
MRS. MAYBRICK.

Original Arrangements Only Post-
poned, Not Abandoned.

SIR ALGERNON RETRACTS

At yesterday's County Council meeting Sir Algernon said he must apologise. His remarks should have had reference to "looping the loop."

HEARD IN COURTS OF LAW.

A SWEETHEART'S CHOICE.

The Pathetic Love Tragedy of a Derbyshire Girl who Rushed Dying Into Church.

The story of a pathetic love tragedy was told at the inquest, held at Charned, near Derby, yesterday, on a girl named Lily Farnsworth, aged twenty-one, who had been employed as a domestic servant at Stanton vicarage.

She met her sweetheart on Saturday evening, and was told by him that he had to choose between her and another girl.

The girl replied that he must choose for the best, but added that she could not live without him.

On Sunday evening she rushed wildly into Stanton Church during the service. The vicar's wife at once escorted her out, and the girl then confessed that she had taken carbolic acid. After lingering for a short time she died.

The jury yesterday returned a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity, and added a rider censuring the girl's sweetheart.

FIGHTING HOTEL THIEVES.

Extraordinary Precautions Defeated by the Carelessness of Guests.

Mystery still surrounds the disappearance of £212,000 from Mr. George Marshall's room at the Hotel Metropole. At present no clue is hoped for. The manager of the hotel informed a representative of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*, that, as far as he is aware, the police have not received the numbers of the missing notes.

"I believe," he said, "that Mr. Marshall had the notes in his possession some time, and numbers would be rather difficult to trace, especially in the case of one continually dealing in very large sums of money, as Mr. Marshall was."

Inspector Frost is not idle. Every capital in Europe has been notified, and persons desirous of cashing notes for £1,000 or £500 will for some time to come have to give very full and satisfactory explanations.

The manager of the Cecil says the strictest precautions are in force there to prevent any such accidents.

"In the first place," he said, "there are private detectives on every floor of the hotel. There is, as you continued, smiling, 'in this room at the present moment'—the conversation took place in the restaurant. 'Not a soul outside the management knows there are any detectives, or knows who they are or where they are. The whole of the day and night this hotel is as strictly guarded as if a great burglary had taken place and the thieves were still on the premises.'"

"Every chambermaid and room waiter possesses one key, which is chained to his or her person. Servants cannot leave their respective floors without a pass, nor can they leave the hotel without inspection. Moreover, we know something concerning the private life of our employees."

Careless Hotel Guests.

"But," he added "I do not say that even these and other precautions, such as warning visitors concerning the disposition of their valuables, render us burglar-proof. There is, I think, no overcoming the modern professional and expert thief. But we do all we can. If visitors would endeavour to do their share in the same way we should be much more secure. But they—especially the hotel habitués—are terribly careless."

"Ladies leave their jewellery about as if they were at home. Some men, too, who are accustomed to carrying large sums or valuable parcels with them, grow careless through absolute familiarity with their possessions."

"Some years ago a big diamond merchant was staying at the hotel I was managing. He always carried immensely valuable packets of diamonds about with him. He left the hotel to go to Brighton. Some hours later he telegraphed to me that he had left two small leather bags on the table of his room, and asked if I would keep them for him. I went up to the room which he had retained, and on the table were the two bags. They contained diamonds worth about £30,000. That is a good instance of what frequently happens in a smaller way."

"However," the manager concluded, "we do our best to look after these forgetful people."

PUBLICANS MAY FORGET.

Mr. Montagu Sharpe (the chairman) in opening the Licensing Session at Brentford yesterday said that it would be inequitable for the magistrates to consider the reduction of licenses this year. The licensed victuallers might consider that what was said by the magistrates last year was not said at all.

He also dealt with the interference of temperance and kindred bodies in appealing to magistrates and attempting to influence their decisions, remarking that it was an un-English proceeding.

EVIDENCE, AND NO EVIDENCE.

At Westminster County Court yesterday a solicitor named Holloway, practising at Clements Inn, was sued for a debt.

Judge Woodfall: Does he practise?

Creditor: Yes, sir. He's got nice offices.

Judge Woodfall: That's not evidence of means.

Creditor: He keeps a large house.

Judge Woodfall: That's not evidence of means.

Creditor: He keeps two servants.

Judge Woodfall: That is evidence of means.

Seven days.

FINGERS AT £33 6s. 8d. EACH.

The sum of £100 was awarded to Julia Leach at Birmingham yesterday, as damages, against Messrs. Miller and Co., lamp manufacturers, for the loss of three fingers.

The girl was employed at a stamping machine. The spring of the hammer broke, with the result that it fell upon three fingers of the left hand and crushed them, and they had to be amputated.

"LA BELLE NORDICA."

The Great American Operatic Singer Obtains Divorce Decree in New York.

Madame Nordica, whose voice has charmed thousands, has just obtained a divorce in New York from Herr Zoltan Doeme, the Hungarian tenor. She has been unfortunate in her matrimonial ventures, this being the second time she has applied for a divorce.

Her first husband was Mr. Frederick Gower, who, like Edison, rose from the ranks of the newsboys and became a wealthy electrician, achieving



MADAME NORDICA.
One of our sweetest singers, who has just obtained a divorce in New York from her second husband.

distinction by his share in the invention of the famous Gower-Bell telephone. Her life with him was not a happy one, and his brutality nearly brought her to the grave, and for a time checked her career. In 1887 the prima donna instituted divorce proceedings, but while they were in progress, Mr. Gower attempted to cross the channel

in a balloon, and was never afterwards heard of. Legal proceedings were taken by the widow in France as to the disposition of his property, and she succeeded in obtaining about £8,000.

Herr Doeme, whom she married in 1896, is now in a sanatorium in New York, suffering from nervous collapse. Madame also is suffering from nerves, and imagines that her life is in an extreme danger from the hands of an unnamed persecutor.

Born in Boston, Mass., the great singer learned her art in her native city from John O'Neill, of the Boston Conservatoire of Music. "American girls need not go abroad for lectures," she once said, "there are just as good teachers at home, and John O'Neill is as good as any foreigner." Notwithstanding, she went to Italy to finish.

She owed her start in life to Mr. Shorey, the veteran American journalist, who recognised that Lillian Norton, as she was then, one of his clerical staff, had a remarkably birdlike voice worthy of cultivation. He advanced her the necessary money while she studied.

Generous and Just.

It was perhaps the remembrance of her early struggles that moved her last year to offer a scholarship of 2,000 dollars to be paid annually for training the best female voice in America.

A great beauty, she is known among operatic stars as "La Belle Nordica." Her repertoire is an extensive one, her great part being Marguerite, in which she is second to Patti only, and this encomium was passed by Gounod himself.

Like all star operatic singers, fierce wars have raged between her and other stars in the profession. The most remarkable was her fight with M. Jean de Reszke. She accused him of keeping her out of Mr. Grant's company, and of influencing the latter to give Mme. Melba her part of "Brunhilde," thus keeping her off the stage. M. de Reszke vehemently denied the assertion, and declared he would never sing with Madame Nordica unless she retraced her statement. Finally she published an apology in the Press, and said: "My impulse in declaring this publicly is my sense of right and justice to my fellow artist." Fearfully impulsive, quick to take offence, she is always the most generous of enemies, and ever the first to "make up a quarrel."

She has always been a great favourite with royalty, and received more commands from the late Queen than any other singer of her day.

OTHER COUPLES' TROUBLES.

DIVORCE BY DAGGER.

Husband Attacks a Petitioning Wife in the Court.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

GENEVA, Tuesday.

The Divorce Court at Berne was the scene of a terrible drama yesterday.

The wife of a man named Hubacher sought a divorce, and the arrival of the Judge and jury was being awaited when the husband suddenly drew a dagger, rushed across the room, and savagely attacked his wife, who fell to the floor with three gaping wounds in the head. The husband was overpowered, and the wife carried to the hospital insensible.

"Are you the scoundrel who wished to kill your wife?" asked the Judge, on his entry into court. "Certainly, and I hope the divorce will be for life now," was the reply.

Hubacher is now in prison.

DISTILLER'S APPEAL FAILS.

The decision of Lord Stormonth Darling, refusing to grant Mr. James Grant, a distiller, of Glen-grant, Morayshire, a divorce against his wife, on the ground of her alleged misconduct with his nephew, Mr. William Menzies Grant Calder, was upheld by the Second Division of Session at Edinburgh yesterday.

In 1901 Mr. Grant took a villa called "The Nook," at Reigate, Surrey, to which Mr. Calder paid a visit. It was alleged that for months Mr. Grant and Mr. Calder were the sole occupants of the villa.

The Court, in dismissing the appeal yesterday, held that the evidence given by petitioner was, in view of the relationship between respondent and her husband's nephew, insufficient to admit of an inference of guilt.

KINDNESS SHOULD BE QUALIFIED.

Before Mr. Plowden, sitting at Marylebone yesterday, a man applied for protection against his brother-in-law, whom he could not get out of his house, and who had threatened him. Applicant stated in reply to questions that he was not aware there was any grievance against him, and merely suggested that it was the result of his kindness.

Mr. Plowden: Then your danger consists in your kindness. The kinder you are the more your life is in danger. Be a little less kind, and I shall send a constable to him.

IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Mr. Rose, the West London magistrate, observed, apropos of a case before him yesterday, that in the past twenty years habits had changed with regard to the relationship of man and woman.

He supposed it was not now considered unusual for a man and a woman to call each other by their Christian names and even to visit at each other's rooms without any harm following.

CIPHER MESSAGES.

Grave Allegations Against a Clergyman who Officiated at a Wedding.

The Court of Session, Edinburgh, yesterday had before it an appeal by the respondent in an action in which a Ross-shire postman sought a divorce from his wife on the ground of her misconduct with an English Presbyterian clergyman.

The clergyman officiated at the marriage of the parties in Glasgow, and it was alleged that on the night before the marriage he stayed with the respondent at an hotel and on the day following the marriage was guilty of misconduct with her.

It was also shown that they communicated with each other in cipher, and it was stated that some of the letters were of a disgusting character. Lord Low granted the petitioner a divorce, and the respondent appealed.

Yesterday, however, when the case was called the respondent did not appear, and the appeal was dismissed.

A KNOTTY POINT AT ISSUE.

In the Divorce Division of the High Court yesterday the question what is "a habitual drunkard" came under notice, and the President was asked to give a decision under it.

Sir F. Jeune said it did not seem clear what constituted "a habitual drunkard." Supposing a man got drunk once every three months?

Mr. Barnard submitted that that did not constitute a man who could be so termed.

The President said the definition only referred to a man who by drinking intoxicating liquor was dangerous to himself and others and incapable of managing his own affairs. It seemed to him that the man who was rarely sober must be "a habitual drunkard."

WAR OFFICE CLERK SENTENCED.

Fred Hudson, forty-six, a clerk, was at Bow-street Police Court yesterday sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the second division for having stolen £24 13s., the money of H.M. Government.

Prisoner had been a temporary clerk at the War Office, and absconded with the money some time ago. He then wrote wishing to give himself up, and later stated that drink was the cause of his trouble, and that he had intended killing himself.

TREATMENT FOR ALIENS.

An Italian vendor of roast chestnuts was summoned to the City Magistrate's Court yesterday for obstruction.

Sir John Bell: Why did he come here?

The Interpreter: He says his uncle sent for him.

Sir John Bell: Tell him to ask his uncle to wash him and send him back to Italy. He will be fined 10s., including costs, and the fine will be increased every time he comes here.

LUNATIC'S KNIFE.

Suicide in an Asylum of a Man Whose Widow Attributed His Insanity to Freemasonry.

The Bethnal Green coroner yesterday held an inquiry into the somewhat mysterious circumstances surrounding the death of Henry Edward Clarkson, lately an inmate of Bethnal Green Lunatic Asylum, who cut his throat last Monday with a razor.

Samuel Clarke, an attendant at the asylum, stated that as Clarkson and another patient were about to take a bath he noticed a knife lying on the floor. He picked it up and took it from the room. He was not away a minute when the other patient called out, "Help, Clarke."

He rushed back, and was just in time to catch Clarkson as he was falling. There was a large wound in the throat. The two patients were alone in the bathroom while witness took the knife out. A razor was found on the floor after Clarkson had cut his throat.

This witness and two other attendants swore that they had never seen either the knife or razor before, and had no idea as to how the deceased became possessed of them.

The medical superintendent, Dr. Will, stated that knives had been thrown over the asylum walls, and pieces of tin had been found in the streets. It was probable, he added, that some of the drawers containing a knife belonging to one of your attendants is telling a lie.

The Coroner: That implies that one of your attendants is telling a lie.

The Superintendent: I have no reason to believe so.

The widow stated that her husband had been insane since May, 1901. She attributed his insanity to his initiation as a Freemason.

The Coroner: Becoming a Freemason sent him mad?

Witness: Yes. He left me perfectly sane. He came back the same day perfectly sane. He began praying and crying, and that continued until the Thursday, and then he began gassing. Then he endeavoured to throw the baby against the sill of the window. Next day he was sent to the asylum.

The jury returned a verdict of "Suicide while insane," but added that there was no evidence to show how Clarkson had obtained the knife. The coroner remarked that doubtless the Lunacy Commission would inquire into the matter.

THE WHITAKER WRIGHT CASE.

Mr. G. Lambert, M.P., has given notice of an amendment to the Address regarding the Public Prosecutor who is not directed to proceed against those responsible for the frauds in connection with the London and Globe Finance Corporation.

AN INFANT PRODIGY.

A woman who sued at the Southwark County Court, yesterday, for damage done to a room by her late tenants, declared that because she gave them notice to quit, the wife armed her child with a sledge hammer and set it to knock a large hole in the partition wall.

Asked the age of the child, the woman replied that it was two years. As it was elicited that this is the child's present age, and the damage committed eight months ago, Judge Addison, K.C., declined to accept the story.

YOUNG, BUT OLD IN CRIME.

William Geo. Evans, giving his age as seventeen, but looking considerably younger, was at Bow-street Police Court yesterday ordered six months' hard labour for shop-breaking.

The following convictions were recorded against the prisoner:—

April, 1899, stealing money, six strokes.
April, 1902, stealing letters, four strokes.
April, 1902, stealing newspapers, six months.
January, 1903, stealing watches, six months.
August, 1903, housebreaking, three months.

MORE INVENTIVENESS WANTED.

In the course of a case heard by Judge Addison, K.C., at the Southwark County Court yesterday, his Honour complained of the "shocking system" of naming streets in London.

The same names, he said, were used over and over again in all directions, which led to all sorts of annoyance, whilst there were thousands of historical and geographical names which might be used with advantage.

UNWORTHY OF IMITATION.

Asked to speak to a certain fact a witness at the Southwark County Court yesterday, replied "never came under my notice." "No," said Judge Addison, "Say 'Yes' or 'No.' Don't try to speak like a chief inspector of police."

THE BRIEF BAG.

The Swansea licensing magistrates yesterday expressed the hope that publicans would encourage the employment of women in bars.

The explanation given by Frederick Brown, who was sent to prison at Thames Valley yesterday for throwing a stone through a plate glass window, was that he did it because he told him the wrong way.

Judge Addison, at Southwark County Court yesterday, recommended a firm of engineers, whose works a guy rope had given away, causing injuries to a workman, to adopt the plan of Billington, the hangman, and always test ropes.

A butcher named Richardson, of Holloway, yesterday committed for trial by the Tottenham magistrates for forging bills of exchange amounting to £111 10s. with his brother-in-law's name. The brother-in-law offered to pay the whole of the amount within a week.

A ROYAL REMEDY.

The Queen's Gift of Pheasants to a Gallant Old Bachelor.

Kindness by secret sympathy is tried,
And noble souls in nature are allied.
Well might these lines have been written of the
Queen, for the unostentatious acts of kindness per-
formed by her are innumerable.
Among the most enthusiastic of her Majesty's
admirers is a hardened old bachelor who lives a
solitary life in the village of Sandringham.
He fell ill; there was no one to tend him; the
news of his illness came to the ears of the Queen,
and the picture of his lonely sick-bed touched her
tender heart.
Next day, simply dressed, and attended only by



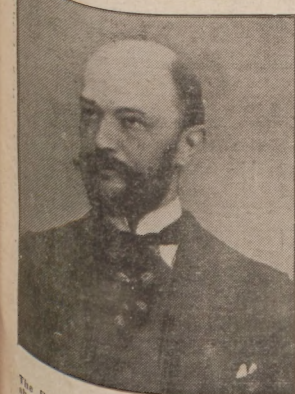
LIEUT.-GEN. SIR W. G. NICHOLSON, Director-General of Military Intelligence. He is to be a prominent member of the new body of men who are to control the affairs of our Army. (Photo by Bassano.)

her hand, the Queen started off on foot, carrying in her hand a brace of pheasants, to visit the old bachelor.
Finding him alone, she paid him a long visit, and, charmed by his sweetness and gracefulness. His heart had already been won when the visitor first approached the house carrying the pheasants.
The royal visit proved better than any medicine; the old man was soon well again.
The consumption of the pheasants, however, proved no part in his speedy cure, for he did not eat them.
Instead, he had them carefully stuffed, and they now, under a glass case, occupy a prominent place



M. KURINO, The Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg who has been the important step of asking for a prompt reply from Russia to Japan's Note.

In his sitting-room, where the contented bachelor can give upon them as he sits quietly smoking and speculating on the possibilities of receiving another visit from the Queen.
Visions never tires of relating to less distinguished visitors the history of his brace of pheasants.



M. PAVLOFF, The Russian Minister in Korea, upon whose shoulders has fallen a great responsibility. He is advising the Russian Government as to the attitude of the Koreans.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS YESTERDAY.



The King and Queen drove in their state coach yesterday to open Parliament. The coach was drawn by eight cream horses. The Guards lined the route, and the enthusiasm of the spectators was not spoiled by the rain. (Photo by Haines.)

TRAFFIC IN HUMAN LIFE.

"Death Trust" in America Corners the Only Remedy for Diphtheria.

That a company has neither a soul to save nor a body to kick has been known for a long time, but the full iniquity of which a trust is capable has only just been reached. A trust has been formed by the manufacturers of anti-toxin in America, and the price has been advanced a hundred per cent. Diphtheria is the most dread scourge of child life, and by so enhancing the price of what is the only known remedy the trust is trafficking in human life. The Chicago Department of Health has published an official statement in which the action of the trust is denounced, and the way in which it will affect the infant mortality of the country is pointed out.
Public health departments and charities will be compelled to spend in 1904 double the sum which they spent during 1903 in their fight against



THE OLD VICTORIA AND ALBERT.

The late Queen Victoria's yacht is to be broken up at Portsmouth in No. 11 Dock. None of the old wood will be sold, but by order of the King and to the disappointment of curio hunters it will all be burned. (Stereo Copyright, Underwood & Underwood.)

diphtheria. The action of the trust will, however, fall heavier on the heads of self-supporting families of modest means. Two medical societies are taking legal action against this "Death Trust" under the Anti-Trust Law.

ALLEGED "EXCHANGE AND MART" FRAUD.

Arthur Copus, twenty-six, a baker's assistant living at 46, Percy-road, Shepherd's Bush, was yesterday charged with being in the unlawful possession of a camera and photographic accessories. The articles had been advertised for sale in the "Exchange and Mart," and the accused, answering the advertisement in another name and giving as an address a tobacconist's shop at Approach Bridge, offered to send a concertina in exchange. Acting on information, the prisoner was arrested but no concertina was found at his lodgings.

A Dieppe telegram appeared in the "Rappel" yesterday according to which "Colonel" Lynch is coming to stay for a long time at Dieppe with his family, after which he will move on to Rouen. —Reuter

THE KING RETURNS.



When the King returned from the opening of Parliament yesterday, he drove back to the Palace with Queen Alexandra, leaving the House by the door of Victoria Tower. (Photo by Bowden Bros.)

GUARDS GO TO THEIR POST.



With their band playing a stirring march and the men stepping with pleasure to the tune the Guards marched to take up their positions along the route. (Photo by Bowden Bros.)

MR. W. C. WHITNEY DIES SUDDENLY.

MILLIONAIRE OF THE TURF.



Mr. William C. Whitney, who won the English Derby and other races with Volodyovski, and retired from the Turf after an unlucky season in 1903.

The Famous Owner of Volodyovski Died in New York Yesterday After an Operation.

Mr. William C. Whitney, the American multi-millionaire, died in New York yesterday.

The lavish hand with which Mr. Whitney had spent his enormous fortune on the turf—both in this country and America—had made him one of the best known personalities on both sides of the Atlantic.

Though sixty-three years of age, he had enjoyed extraordinary health and vitality.

On the Wheatley Hills, near the old Quaker town of Westbury, Wiltshire, stand his famous Roslyn stables, known to the racing world as the most complete and magnificent in existence. They cover over 700 acres of ground, and, not content with exercise grounds, there is also a private race-course.

Looking at the row of stables from the plain below one hardly realises their full size. Harness rooms and stalls for horses occupy a long oval in the centre of the building. Circling them and against the outside wall of the stables is the winter exercise track, which extends round the whole building. Twelve and a half feet in width and three and a half times round to the mile, it forms an ideal indoor exercise track. The floor is formed of white sand covered a foot deep with special loam.

Space for 116 Horses.

The stall space provides for 116 horses, each in a loose box measuring twelve feet by fourteen. Within the circle formed by these is a show-ring for the convenient exhibition of the horses.

Noteworthy as is the size of this unique racing stable, the elaborate and complete nature of the fittings is still more so. Every conceivable want, both for horse and man, seems to be foreseen.

Over the stalls and harness rooms are quarters for over sixty stable hands, while special villas

for trainers and stud-grooms are dotted about the neighbourhood. At the back of the stables are a special shower-bath for sick horses and special hospital horse boxes.

On a hill near the stables is a gymnasium—for the stable employees, not for the horses, though if a gymnasium were any good to the horses they

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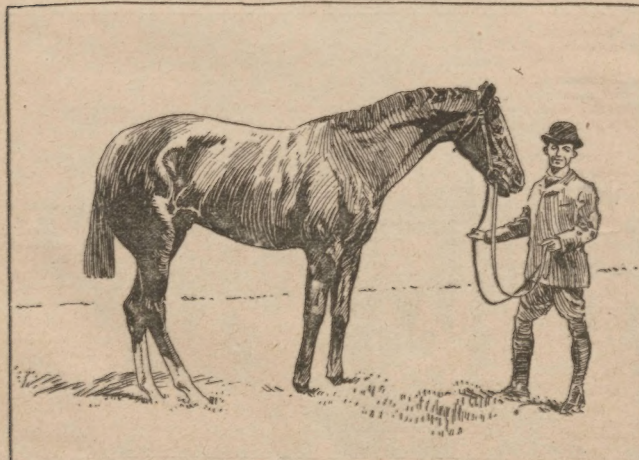
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WATERSHED.



Mr. Whitney's winner of the Cambridgeshire in 1901. He was bred in America, but is by an English sire. He has lately been practising over hurdles with Captain Dewhurst's team.

over £15,000 to build, without reckoning the value of the land.

When it was a question of buying horses for his racing stud Mr. Whitney was still more lavish. He paid £12,000 for Hamburg and was prepared to pay £40,000. Meddler cost him £9,800, and he twice paid £7,000 for a horse he fancied.

Mr. Whitney was not content with his Roslyn stables, however, and had three others. He had another training stable, a special stable which he used for winter quarters, and a breeding stable in Kentucky, which he had selected owing to the excellent feeding qualities of the grass there.

Striking Racing Record.

It was in the autumn of 1899 that Mr. Whitney invaded the English turf with a string of American-bred horses, which he placed in the charge of Mr. Gilpin at Whitcombe.

In 1900 he scored his first success on this side, winning in all seven races. In 1901 his luck was at its height. Volodyovski, who came temporarily into his possession through the death of Lord William Beresford, carried his colours to victory in the Derby, while Watershed secured the Cambridgeshire. During the year his horses won no fewer than thirty-eight races of a total value of £19,720.

By the help of Volodyovski, Mr. Whitney earned the distinction of being one of the only two American owners who have won the Derby during the 124 years the race has been run.

Volodyovski, though an English horse, was trained and ridden by Americans, but Mr. Whitney was not satisfied, and resolved to win with an American horse.

He was again very successful in 1902, winning the Cambridgeshire for the second time with Balantrae. He failed, however, to carry off the Derby with Nasturtium, for whom he had paid £10,000 in America.

Last year was an unlucky season, and Mr. Whitney decided to give up his English stables and retire from the English Turf.

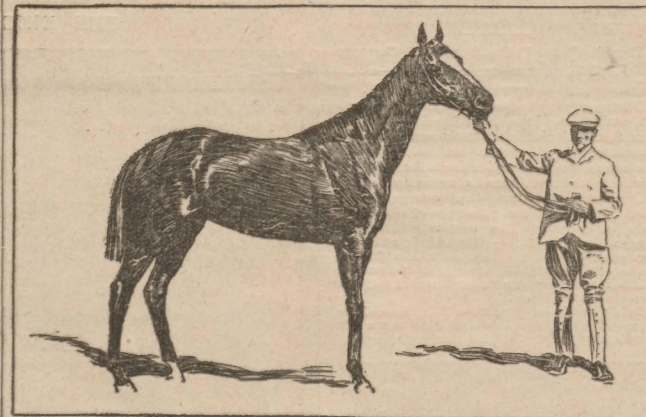
Tragedy of the Millionaire's Life.

The story of Mr. Whitney's married life is bitterly sad. Some years after the death of his first wife he fell in love with a Miss May. After several years his suit was successful, and they were married. It seemed as though all the romance which had been lacking during his hard business career had come back to him.

Nothing seemed wanting for happiness; he had yachts, a palatial house in Fifth Avenue, which must have cost at least a million, with its pictures and decorations; a magnificent country house, and unlimited command of money.

But the end of it all came soon and suddenly.

VOLODYOVSKI.



Volodyovski won the Derby of 1901 for Mr. Whitney, but was unluckily beaten in the St. Leger by Doricles, became raguish, and has been retired to the Theobald's Park Stud.

would certainly have one. It is known as "Pleasure Hall," and serves as a club, with billiard-room, tennis-courts, and a bowling alley. Mr. Whitney took no account of money where his horses were concerned. This palatial stable cost

In company with her husband and some friends, Mrs. Whitney was riding along a road over which stretched a low bridge. Talking gaily, she forgot to stoop, and her neck was fractured.

It was plain from the first that she could not live, but Mr. Whitney was not the man to give in, and a painful fight against death began. Doctor after doctor did the little he could, and every contrivance was tried to support the poor, broken neck, while no one dared to hope save the distracted husband.

Eventually it was decided that Mrs. Whitney must be moved into the country, and the grimmest railway journey imaginable began.

Mr. Whitney could command what he wished on the railways, both by his position as director and proprietor and by his money. Everything that money could buy, or human ingenuity devise, was tried to make the journey easy for the dying woman. Her couch itself was a triumph of ingenious machinery; the railway coach was a palace on wheels, but a few days after she was dead.

Part of Mr. Whitney's vast fortune he inherited from his first wife, who was connected with the Standard Oil Trust, now the richest corporation in the world. Insurance companies, theatres, banks, and railroads claimed him as a director, but the greater part of his wealth was derived from the New York street tramways, the control of which was practically in his hands until his retirement from business in 1902.

PREPARED FOR EMERGENCIES.

"In the event of a breakdown between stations passengers can alight and walk with safety along a concrete path of about 3ft."

This pleasant information was given by Sir Charles Scott to shareholders at yesterday's meeting of the Great Northern and City Railway Company. Sir Charles has not the least thought that any such contingency will ever be necessary on the newest of London's "tubes," shortly to be opened. The line he claimed to be one of the safest in existence.

PEOPLE PROMINENT.

STORIES ABOUT WELL-KNOWN MEN AND WOMEN OF THE DAY.

Queen Alexandra, always particular in her toilettes, takes an extraordinary interest in her dress. She wears when appearing in public. Of course, when such occasions as the opening of Parliament, when State robes must be donned, there is little or no scope for individual taste; yet her Majesty always manages to make her personality felt, even in the very arrangement of her coiffure and the choice of the jewels she wears. The Queen dresses very leisurely, and when fully attired takes in the large mirrors in her dressing-room. Naturally, her dressers are very expert, and there is seldom any reason to cavil; but sometimes her Majesty's eye finds a weak point, so trivial possibly that it would escape anyone whose artistic taste and attention to detail were not of the highest order. Once it is said, the Queen, when Princess of Wales, was persuaded to try on a "picture hat," though she had frequently declared that the style was too unsuited to her, and that nothing would induce her to wear big hats. However, on the occasion in question, she put on one with large ostrich feathers, and surveying herself in the glass threw it off, exclaiming to the Princess who had lured her into experimenting: "Now you see that I know better than anyone else what suits me!"

The Queen as Milliner.

When she was Princess of Wales, Queen Alexandra occasionally trimmed her own toques, and in her boudoir at Marlborough House, she astonished those of her household who had the opportunity of seeing her at work by her neatness and skill with which she carried out her ideas. Extremely particular as to the fit of her gowns, new dressmakers honoured by her commissions are somewhat nervous whilst trying on, but though she does not hesitate to point out the minutest infinitesimal faults, her Majesty is equally ready to praise, and her praise is due to her modesties feel themselves well repaid for extra trouble when they succeed in pleasing the Queen.

The Man the King Dislikes.

Everyone knows how disagreeable it is to be pointed out in the street as "so-and-so" or "this royal personage." We are always subjected to this dislike it extremely. The King, though, is equally pointed out in the street, and it is not only the time pretty well insured to be stared at, but the neverthe less much rather somebody else is looked at. He has written in the confession of the Queen of Greece, with more than a little truth and feeling, that "the most objectionable being in the world in my opinion is the man who will point out on pointing at you with his umbrella, and shouting out 'There he is!'"

Hard Working and Hard Fighting.

Sir Donald Stewart, who was entertained at dinner last night at the Whitehall Rooms, justly claim to be one of those empire-builders whose apothecia has been chanted by Mr. Rudyard Kipling. His whole life has been devoted to hard work and hard fighting in defence of national interests, and with his name of pluck and perseverance those special qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race, the bull-dog determination to hang on at all costs, which have made the Anglo-Saxon the dominant factor in the modern world. In Ashanti, where he has been lately, not only did he more insidious enemy of the white man, greater foe in tropical Africa—the fever which kills thirty out of every hundred who go out to Kamuk.

The Premier and the Cork.

Mr. Balfour, who is confined to the house by an attack of influenza is debarrd from what other great people much enjoy at these times—reading the papers. The Prime Minister now looks at a newspaper, and only once to-night when he saw the attractive title of "Golfing News." Apropos of golf, there is a delightful story of Mr. Balfour playing golf in a railway station. He was summoned to Windsor, and arrived at the station very cold and span with a well-furled, gold-mounted umbrella. Strolling along the platform waiting for his train, he happened to see instantly he assumed a golfing pose, and holding his umbrella, drove the cork to the other end of the platform. But he drove the cork to the other end of the platform, and his rueful countenance when he surveyed the wreck in his hand and noticed the interested spectators who, under cover of which he was blushing with confusion, Mr. Balfour made his escape.

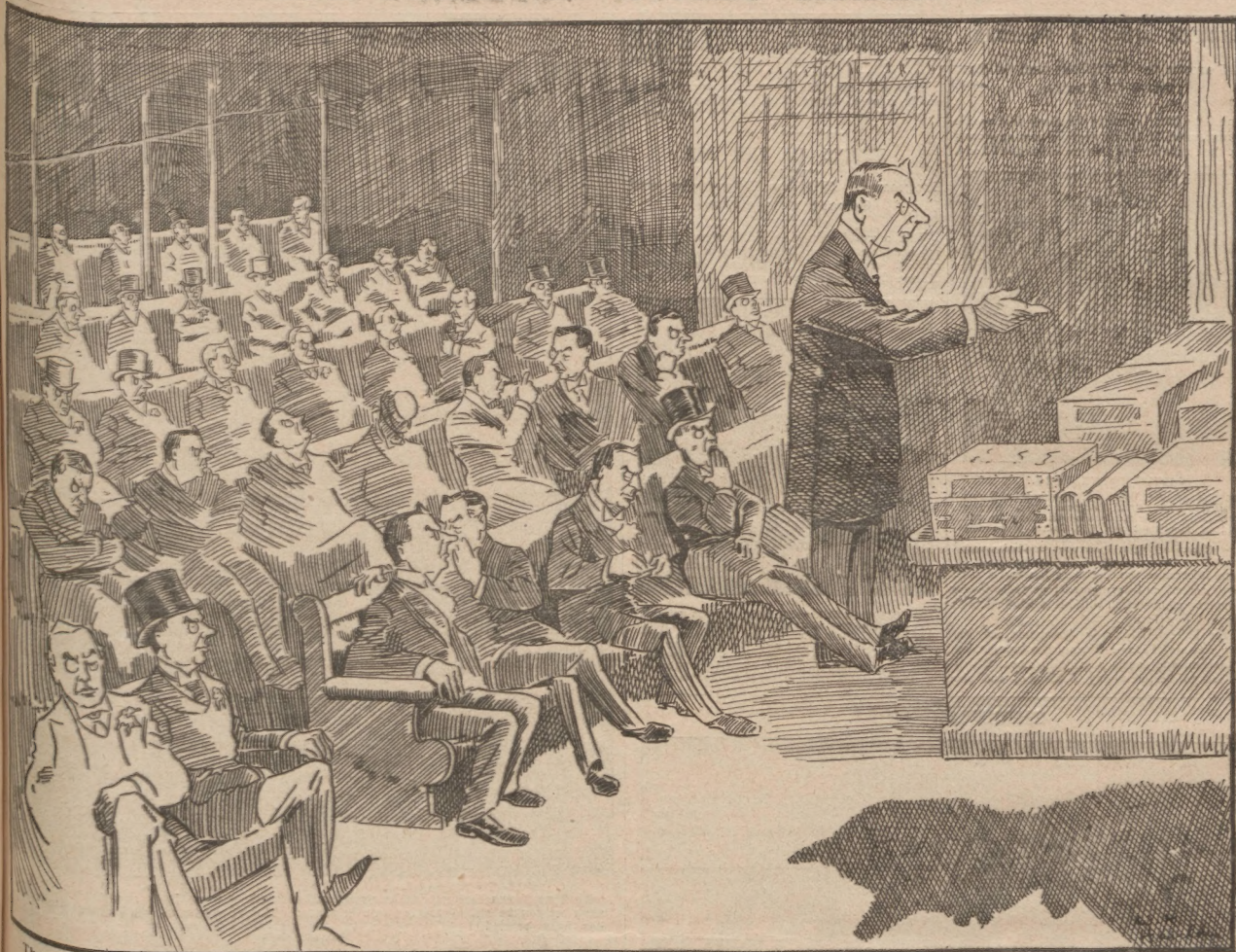
Earl who Lived a Quiet Life.

With the funeral of the Earl of Devon, who takes place to-day, one notes the last chapter of a holy and peaceful life. His quiet existence was a little in common with the traditions of the Courtenay family, who appear to have been, by rule, a restless and rebellious lot, coveting their neighbours' goods and earnestly desiring that they had not got. One of the most celebrated of the family was the handsome Edward Courtenay whose story affords an excellent example of the which to illustrate a new edition of the old tale of the shadow and substance. Beloved as "Bloody" Mary, he hoped to gratify love as well as ambition by marrying the Princess Elizabeth. Upon the discovery of his treachery he was imprisoned, and then banished to the island of Italy, where he eventually died "not last year" of poison. His heir was the last Earl of Devon during 275 years, the title having been in abeyance until quite recently, when it was claimed by the present family.

A Son of the Press.

Mr. Joseph Hatton, whom we congratulated to-day on his sixty-third birthday, may be said to have been born and educated in the atmosphere of newspapers, his father, Mr. Hatton, being the proprietor of the "Pictorial Times." It is almost impossible to overstate the number of papers which Mr. Hatton either edited or represented; his is a most varied title genius, for, besides being the author of one of the most popular novels of the day, he has written several successful plays, one of the notable being an adaptation of Nathaniel Hawthorne's novel, "The Scarlet Letter," which was produced in America.

THE DREAM OF A FREE TRADER.



The question which excited everyone yesterday was where would Mr. Chamberlain sit in the House of Commons. The Free Fooders, judging from their speeches, see no one at all but Mr. Chamberlain on the Ministerial Benches.

AMUSEMENTS.

MARKET. TO-DAY at 3 and 9.
ENTANGLED. By Henry Arthur Jones.
 EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.20.
MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
 TO-DAY at 2.15, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.12.
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
 By David Belasco and John Luther Long.
 EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.
 (Once Mr. Watts) open daily, 10 to 12.
THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE.
 Last 9 Performances.
 TO-DAY, 2.15, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.20.
ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
 TO-DAY, 2.15, and TO-NIGHT, 8.20, in
OLD HEIDELBERG.
 EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.

PERSONAL.

For the past volumes of the "Weekly Dispatch" from
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 months, 36s.; for six months, 72s.; for a year, 144s.
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The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1904.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

Can We Cut Down the Bill?

The burden imposed on the resources of the country by the necessities of naval and military defence is undoubtedly serious. The possibility of diminishing this burden is being carefully considered in connection with the general problem of Army and War Office reform.

It is this passage in the King's Speech which touches our real interests. The Nation pays but a languid attention to the new projects of Legislation. It knows that the Publicans' Protection Bill is merely a vote-catching dodge, and that the Irish measures promised must be passed in order to secure the continuance of Irish support for the Government. They have a shrewd suspicion that powerful influences will prevent any stop being put to the influx of undesirable aliens. And for the rest, the Bills promised are either "hardy annuals" (such as that "for dealing with the hours of employment in shops") or merely technical amendments of the law of no general importance whatever.

But when it comes to talking about taxes, we are all interested. The Speech, it is true, does not hold out any more hope than the Chancellor of the Exchequer did the other day of a lifting-off of burdens. Yet it does point out the one way in which something could be done within a short time to cut down our enormous National expenditure. The Army costs far too much. We are obliged to keep up a Navy, which grows more and more costly every year, and will probably continue to do so unless the Powers can agree to let ship-building stand still. To attempt to reduce our expenditure upon our First Line of Defence would be suicidal folly. But, protected as we are by our command of the sea, we do not need to maintain a very costly land force.

What we want, first, is a small but highly-trained professional Army which could go to

any part of the Empire at short notice, and which, in the event of a big war, would form the nucleus of our expedition. And to supplement this small force we ought to have the whole manhood of the Nation trained to arms, so that in an emergency we could raise a vast number of soldiers knowing something of the business of war. And we ought certainly to be able to satisfy both these demands at a rate of military expenditure much lower than that under which we are suffering at present.

What no one has yet taken the trouble to consider is whether the proposed changes in the War Office organisation (which have been received with such delight by people who have no idea what their effect will be) are likely to have the effect of cutting down the Bill. Unless they do this, it is certain that some other scheme will be wanted in their place, and that, too, before long.

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

Parliament and several million umbrellas were opened yesterday.

A correspondent, who wisely preserves a strict anonymity, wishes to know whether it is true that there are tigers in Manchuria. We cordially recommend him to go and see.

Lancashire appears to be in for a bad time, thanks to those who are gambling in cotton. It is understood that the mill-hands would much prefer to see the speculators associated with hemp and with the prospect of a brisk rise.

A Boston bank official says that the upright handwriting taught in schools is breeding a race of forgers. Most people refuse to see anything upright in forgery, but some bank officials are known to entertain peculiar views on the subject.

The Kaiser's projected trip to the Mediterranean will, it is said, be largely dependent on the situation in the Far East. Some monarchs would raise these matters to Providence, but the Kaiser considers that they should have his own personal supervision.

The fact that Mrs. Eddy, of Christian Science fame, has been compelled to call in a

dentist to quiet an aching tooth has been the cause of much jubilation among unbelievers. The dentist is believed to have prescribed the absent treatment, employing a pair of forceps for the purpose.

It is a surprise to hear that the Church Association will not support Mr. Vicary Gibbs—whose name should surely entitle him to consideration—and will give its countenance to the Radical, Mr. Slack. But, then, Mr. Slack is firm on the question of Church discipline, and Mr. Gibbs is slack.

A New York weekly journal has waxed humorously indignant over the approaching marriage of an English duke and an English lady, and wants to know whether it is not an infringement of the Monroe Doctrine.

Oh, don't rebuke the English duke

Who weds an English maid;

You need not feel afraid;

This strange romance is but a chance,

For those whose blood is blue,

Despite of name and rank and fame,

May be eccentric, too.

Have no concern for those who spurn

A million pounds a year;

Although their bent misrepresent

The caste of Vere de Vere,

The House of Lords still hope affords

To all the Yankee girls;

If dukes run short, you must resort

To marquises and earls.

There is one thing to which we'll cling,

Of that you may be sure,

To see you wed to Yanks instead

We never would endure;

While you've the cash to cut a dash

Towards the brave and free,

Without a doubt we'll still stretch out

Our hands across the sea.

A contemporary's facetiousness on the subject of Japanese names reminds one of the recipe for pronouncing a Russian name. You simply spin a plate on a table, and exclaim "ski" at the moment when it comes to rest. Do not try this, however, on a crowded breakfast table, as if the plate breaks the effect is lost.

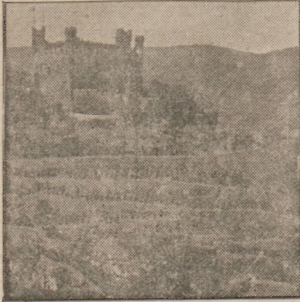
Speaking of the way in which people dance the lancers nowadays, a contemporary says "it is an insult to girls to bang them about." This is quite true, and it is an indisputable fact that many girls feel it deeply. We have got past the time when man proposed to his lady-love with her flowing tresses in one hand and a stone axe in the other. Fortunately, even in the best classes of society, cases of permanent injury through dancing the lancers are still comparatively rare.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S MEMORIAL CLOCK.

PRINCESS LOSES A FORTUNE.

She Resorts to Gambling and is Now Before the Courts.

One of the best known of the many fashionable lady frequenters of Monte Carlo is now appearing before the courts at Frankfurt on a charge of fraud.



CASTLE FULKENBERG.

Here Princess von Ysenburg, who married Baron von Pagenhardt, lived in great style. She is now charged with wholesale swindling in the Court at Frankfurt and the Castle is in the hands of moneylenders.

(Stereo copyright, Underwood & Underwood.

Princess Alexandra von Ysenburg has had a most romantic career, and has figured repeatedly in the newspapers in connection with her marital troubles and extravagant living.

As the heiress, and only descendant, of the former Electors of Hesse Nassau, she brought her first husband and cousin a large fortune. Differences led to her obtaining a divorce, and she

at the gambling tables at Monte Carlo, where she became a regular frequenter. At last her friends refused to help her, and she opened boarding-houses on the Riviera and the lake of Lucerne. Eventually she had recourse to moneylenders, and it is on a charge brought by Herr Bally, of Basel, that she is now before the Frankfurt Court.

VOICES IN THE AIR.

Progress of Wireless Telegraphy and German Competition.

With a world-embracing smile, Signor Marconi sat beaming on the shareholders at the fourth general meeting of the Marconi International Marine Communication Company, Limited, yes-



Near Deadman's Well, which holds poisonous water, in the Nevada desert a company of railway surveyors found the bodies of thirty men. The bodies had been partly eaten by wolves and vultures. The only water for miles around where they lay was that of the poisonous well. Possibly the whole thirty died from drinking it.

(Stereo copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

STATESMAN'S STATELY TIMEPIECE.



"We have shown that we can be strong and resolute in war. It is equally important to show we can be strong and resolute in peace." This is the inscription on the clock which has been erected in Birmingham to commemorate the visit of Mr. Chamberlain to South Africa.

CHRISTIAN TIBET.



In Tibet the British expedition will not find an altogether heathen people. Missionaries are there to teach the Gospel, and in our picture are two Christian Tibetan girls with the missionary who converted them.

Afterwards married the penniless Baron von Pagenhardt. With him she lived in grand style and dissipated her fortune and estates. Although the

terday, while Major-General Flood, who presided, indicated the wonderful progress made by wireless telegraphy during the past year. In 1902

BUDDHIST TIBET.



Here in contrast to the happy Christian scene above is the gloomy Buddhist monastery near Guntok. Tibet is practically governed by the monks.

mother of his six children she divorced the Baron in 1900. From time to time she has since received large sums of money from her rich relatives, but lost all

there were only twenty-five ships fitted with the apparatus; now there are fifty-four. An arrangement had recently been made with Reuter's News Agency for the regular transmission to

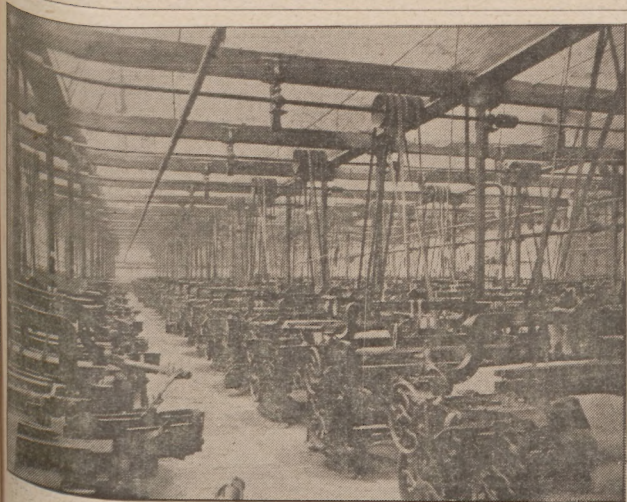
vessels fitted with the Marconi system of Press telegrams, giving the latest news, which is published in newspapers printed on board the vessels. A wave of pleasurable emotion passed over Mr. Marconi's features when it was pointed out that the magnetic storms which interfere with land telegraphs and submarine cable systems have no effect on "Marconigrams." Having by their own efforts created an almost universal popular demand for this new system of communication, they found, the chairman said, the German Government

proposing, at an international conference, to introduce unfair competition. The Germans wanted a ship using any other system to have the full benefit of the Marconi worldwide organisation. This was, he asserted, an attempt to benefit German manufacturers at the expense of their countrymen. An order, he added, had been issued by the Canadian Council instructing the Minister of Marine to contract with the Marconi Company for several stations to be erected on the River St. Lawrence, which was a peculiarly dangerous place for navigation.



Miss Gertie Millar and her Pierrots in the "Orchid" at the Gaiety. They will appear as usual to delight the audience that gathers to see the 100th performance to-night.

COTTON GAMBLERS OPERATIVES GO HUNGRY.



Hundreds of mills are, like this one, silent and empty.



Relief kitchens have been opened in the cotton spinning districts, and the operatives who are thrown out of employment by the reckless gamblers in New York come there for food.

WHY LANCASHIRE STARVES.

The World's Cotton Market "Cornered" by One American.

In order that the American cotton gamblers may pile up dollars, our own cotton workers in Lancashire are reduced to a state bordering on actual starvation. While the normal price of cotton should be about 4½d. per lb., the cotton gamblers have forced the price up to double its real value. In New York cotton has reached 8½d., and in New Orleans, 9d. per lb.

In no instance is this the work of men who are engaged in the cotton industry. The men are starving our workpeople have no real interest or concern in cotton beyond the amassing of money. Not one of them has ever touched the cotton in which they deal, and few if any have seen so much as seen it in its raw state. The product of a cotton estate is bought before it is grown, and the cotton is so keen that it must be bought by the manufacturer at double its real value.

The Misery Increasing.

All our Lancashire thousands of operatives are without work, for there is no cotton for them to spin. In Ashton and Oldham, two of the most important cotton centres in Lancashire, 90 per cent. of the mills are forced to work short time, and the operatives are not earning enough to provide themselves and their families with food. Never, with the exception of the great cotton famine, have there been so bad in the cotton country as they are now. Day by day the misery is becoming more acute, and the strain on the charitable institutions is increasing. Every depot where free and cheap food is had is thronged with an anxious crowd. The depots open crowds are waiting for the food, the need of which is increasing daily. The cotton-mills huge rooms, crowded with operatives, have not known the step of a ladder for weeks. What should they be there for? There is no cotton.

One is feeling the cotton shortage more

people are suffering; their businesses are being severely damaged by their inability to supply the demand. They can do nothing. Many of them have ceased the pretence of transacting business altogether. With prices at their present height business is to all intents impossible. In Lancashire more keenly than the manufacturers. Their work-

man who has no thought of anything but the amassing of money at no matter what cost.

Less than eighteen months ago this man, Daniel J. Sully, was unknown. To-day he is many times a millionaire. Eighteen months ago the cotton industry was free and flourishing; to-day the whole industry is shaken to its foundation at every movement he makes. In 1902 Sully was a cotton

ing, while the demand for cotton is continually and steadily growing. Acting up to his beliefs he bought all the crop he could get, and induced his friends to follow his example and hold back the cotton they bought. The effect was felt in Lancashire almost immediately, and the cotton dealers grew rich.

Encouraged by reports of the enormous profits which Sully and his followers had made, the craze for gambling in cotton spread like wild-fire. Speculators, large and small, rushed into the market, and prices and profits rose to a record. In the early days of his success Sully was christened the "Cotton King," but that did not suit him for long. He quickly grew beyond mere sovereignty, and to-day he is hailed as the "Czar of the Cotton Market." The key of the cotton ring is in this man Sully's hand. In the New York market it is generally accepted that he will not rest until he has forced the price of cotton up to 10d. per pound.

In the meantime our Lancashire workpeople must starve to feed his profits.

DEAD, ILL, AND ACTIVE.

The Morocco pretender is an elusive personage. According to a Reuter telegram he is reported:

- (1) Dead and buried in the "gardens of the Kasbah of Taza."
 - (2) He is only seriously ill.
 - (3) He is about to "crush the Mehallas."
- Which is true? The Mehallas probably prefer to believe the first rumour.

BODY DRAGGED TWO MILES.

A lady and two boys on the platform of Barnes Station yesterday saw a desperate deed. An unknown man jumped off in front of the Reading express, and was carried along with the engine almost as far as Putney, over two miles distant, the remains being terribly mutilated.

WINDFALL FOR THE PUSEY LIBRARY.

A large fortune has been left by Mr. John Williams Cudworth, formerly a Leeds solicitor, and a well-known Quaker. The value of the estate is sworn at £134,781 2s. 11d. gross, and the ultimate residue is left in trust for the Pusey Memorial Library at Oxford.



Inside the distributing kitchen those who prepare the food are busy all day long, for the stream of starving cotton operatives seeking succour never ceases.

shire thousands are daily taking part in unemployed processions; children are clamouring for food at the charity depots, and it is all the work of men who are only striving to enrich themselves by the suffering of others.

In New York the whole of this vast gambling organisation is under the control of one man, a

buyer, earning, reputedly, some £15 a week; now he has practically cornered the whole raw cotton market. But while Sully was dealing in cotton in a small way, he was making inquiries as to the cotton yield of the American States.

During a visit to the south he became convinced that the quality of the cotton plant is deteriorat-

When the murderers proceeded to proclaim Peter Karageorgevitch as King, he was made to understand that before any foreign Government could entertain the ordinary diplomatic relations with him, he must clear himself of the imputation of having been the instigator of the outrage.

King-Peter has, however, failed to comply with the recommendations conveyed to him by the Em-

perors of Austria, Germany, and Russia, as well as by King Edward. He remains surrounded by the very men whose hands are stained with the blood of his ill-fated predecessor, and they continue to occupy the highest offices in the Government and at his Court, exercising a predominant influence over his policy.

The only natural inference is that the assassins

of King Alexander hold Peter in their power, and that they possess documentary evidence of his complicity in their crime, which they have threatened to make known to the world in the event of his turning his back upon them.

Peter is a cruel disappointment, even to the friends whom he made prior to becoming King of Servia.

MONTE CARLO, THE PLACE OF SUNSHINE AND GAMBLING.



In the principality of Monaco all the world of fashion gathers to gamble and enjoy the sunshine we seldom see at this time of the year in England.

"THE NEVER-NEVER LAND."

Mr. Wilson Barrett's New Play Makes a Great Hit.

"The Never-Never Land" is the dramatic version of Mr. Wilson Barrett's "Path of the Victor," now appearing in the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* in serial form.

The production at the Grand Theatre, Hull, adds to the long list of Mr. Wilson Barrett's successes. The crowded audience was most enthusiastic, and the curtain had to be raised many times after each act.

Mr. Barrett's play, of course, is no stranger to York. The sentence, his long reign at the Grand Theatre, is eloquent testimony of that. A play from his versatile pen is always an event, and readers of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* are in a position to judge the deep human interest and dramatic intensity of his latest effort.

The play opens in Woollogoolonga Gully in the Never-Never Land of New South Wales. It is a remarkable scene, depicting the "back of the bush" where the excessive heat and drought have hardened, if not almost an impossibility, before the hero, Jack Mowbray, the death of his friend Landale, the subsequent developments are remarkable.

The play opens to clamorous calls for a speech at the time of the curtain on Monday night, Mr. Barrett came forward and expressed the warmest thanks of Mr. Barrett for the generous and overflowing reception accorded to this powerful dramatic play.

PETER THE UNLUCKY.

In "Money's Magazine" there is an interesting story of King Peter of Servia and his position. The writer, Mr. F. Cunliffe-Owen, has the reason for the treatment of King Peter is to disassociate himself from the assassin of his predecessor on the Servian throne.

THE LIFE OF A THIEF.

A Realistic Study of the Language and Manners of a "Swell Dip" in New York.

THE RISE OF RUDERICK CLOWD. By Josiah Flynt. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

There are some books about which one cannot compliment the author better than by libelling him. With all books it is not so, as recent events have proved. None the less, there have been such books. Such a one, for instance, was Lamby's "Confessions of a Drunkard." Such also is a brilliant book by a young American, Mr. Josiah Flynt, who has already written, with intimate knowledge, of camps, and now writes about New York thieves, their jargon, their tricks, and even their passions, with a quite marvellous mastery and conviction. It amazes one all the more when one remembers—as, in courtesy to the author, one must remember—that it is not necessarily a product of experience.

Mr. Flynt puts his observations, as wisely as he does rascally, into personal form, tracing the life of a thief from his birth under distressing circumstances and from doubtful parentage upon the father's side, to his final stage as a retired scamp of three-score years and ten.

The "Mob" and the "Kitty."

None the less, the exploits of Ruderick Clowd have an appeal far beyond the personal. They tell a clear and engrossing tale of "the underworld" of New York as well as of Ruderick himself, its lively inhabitant. Of Ruderick, the best one can say is that he appears to have become a brilliant criminal through no particular instinct for crime, but merely through the combination of a hopelessly bad start in life and a determination to make the best of it.

Anyhow, it so came about that he found himself one fine day article—if one may use the word—to a firm of "swell dips." The methods of syndicated crime in New York are interestingly betrayed by the record of his indenture.

Barnas told him who were to be the members of the "mob" that was being made up. Their very names were a seduction. There was "Friskie" Dougherty—a famous "single-handed" worker; "Jimmy the Pole"—the prized "porch-climber"; "Paddy" Dawson—"King of Tools"; "Cissie, the Boy," and "Zip the Greek," past masters in the art of "stalling."

"You are so young," said Barnas, "I'm afraid the other guys will only give you a percentage on what you get."

"How much?" asked Ruderick.

"They'll try to hold you down to twenty-five cents on the dollar, but I'll see if I can get forty for you. That means forty out of every dollar you cop out—understand?"

"Who gets the rest?"

"The mob an' the kitty. The kitty is the fall-money and the reserve. A mob like ours ought to carry a three-thousand-dollar kitty all the time. It's drawn on when one of us gets arrested an' has to hire lawyers an' get bail. If you get a tumble, for instance, the rest of us will have to stand by you—see?"

The Thief in Love.

Altogether one of the naivest episodes of Ruderick's period of apprenticeship was his first love affair. The love affairs of thieves—if his was typical—would appear to be based on material advantage rather than either youth or anything in the nature of sentiment. The "marriage of convenience" is rife among them. At any rate, "Susan the Gun" was over fifty, and not beautiful; but she was, on that account, all the more useful a helpmate to Ruderick.

"There ain't no use tryin' to you, Susan," he said to her. "I ain't what you call in love, an' that's all there is about it."

"But don't you ever expect to look out for somebody to take care o' you?" Susan continued. "You can't manage by your lonesome for ever; that ain't what men do."

"But it ain't for ever yet. Besides, I want to size up a lot o' women before I splice. Perhaps I'll want a young one."

Susan put her hands on Ruderick's shoulder, and forced him to look at her. "There's young women that you may like an' that'll like you, Ruderick, an' you may find another woman like me that'll follow after you, too. But let me tell you this, you'll never get another woman that'll know better how to take care of you. I've been through the mill; I know what men are. Susan the Gun ain't no virgin, and she don't pretend to be; but, Ruderick, Susan the Gun'll do more for you an' me, how to do it well than a dozen o' your pretty young things. If you was older you'd see the thing different. You don't splice just because the woman's pretty. You travel with that kind sometimes, but you don't tie up for keeps. The woman what you ties up with is a woman what you knows all about an' can bank on."

The Uses of "Mumming."

As may be expected Ruderick's profession landed him before long in prison, where his force of character again showed itself in a determined effort on the part of himself and the occupant of the next cell to escape via the prison asylum. Both shammed madness, Ruderick pretending to a hallucination that a black bear was running after him, and his neighbour developing a monomania on the subject of religion and a strict observance of the Sabbath.

The black bear got after Ruderick, and he fell on howling and biting everybody that came within reach. His got a mauling, kicking, and the strait-jacket for his pains, and later, the "needle"—a hypodermic injection.

Harsh treatment had been expected from the first, however, and the mummies nursed their bruises and reserved their strength till another good opportunity should present itself. The opportunity came, lots of it, and the shaming was repeated with the same results. They were again knocked on the head and "needed." For the "lifer," however, it was everything to win and but little to lose, and he persevered in spite of the beatings.

As of which much of the book of considerable value as a study in ethics, apart from its excellence as a work of imagination.

FLOODS ON THE THAMES.

Weirs Rival Niagara, but Salmon Prospects Daily Improve.

Last year it was our uncomfortable and depressing experience to reach the high-water mark of rainfall for the past eighty years, or in fact since any records exist. We were entitled to expect that nature would redress this overplus by a shortage during the present year, but the recent downpour does not provide an encouraging outlook.

Our Windsor correspondent wires that most serious floods are threatened in the district. Historic Runnymede is covered with water, and the road between Old Windsor and Egham is impassable. At Datchet the river has invaded the grounds of the bank-side residences, and all the lower roads. At Windsor the towpath and adjacent fields are under water, with every sign of a further rise.

1,700,000,000 Gallons.

In the lower Thames Valley an enormous quantity of water is coming down stream from the upper reaches. Large crowds are attracted by the sight of the wash rush of water over the weirs, the sluices of which are, of course, open.

Teddington Lock is a miniature Niagara, and it is estimated that seventeen hundred million gallons of water passed over and through the weir during the twenty-four hours ending six o'clock last evening.

It is an ill wind that blows no good to anybody and the flood that is the despair of riparian property owners is welcomed by fishing enthusiasts. The state of the river is regarded as providentially favourable to salmon in the Thames. Six hundred young fish have just been turned in below lock under these ideal conditions, and the result of the experiment is awaited with more confidence than usual.

At the Meteorological Office, however, it is not admitted that the rainfall for the past month was exceptionally high. "Certainly," said Mr. Shaw, to a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative, "it was above the average, which for the past thirty-five years stands at 2.01 inches, but it was nothing wonderful."

Although, from the point of view of a layman, the rain fell fairly heavily and consistently for the best part of the past forty-eight hours, Mr. Shaw, as an expert, thinks differently. "It didn't commence to be really wet on Saturday and Sunday," he declared, "as we never call it wet unless we can count an inch as the day's rainfall."

The weather has led some despairing people to address the god of sunshine through the agony column of the "Standard." It is to be hoped the result will justify the expense.

MR. HENRY J. WOOD.



The celebrated musical conductor, who made the only permanent orchestra in London, at the Queen's Hall. He is just back from America, where he found audiences much more enthusiastic than they are in England. He is starting on a provincial tour.

Photo by Histed.

MUSICAL AMERICANS.

Our Transatlantic Cousins and Their Tastes in Music.

It was at St. Pancras Station that the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* musical representative found one of the hardest worked men in England—Mr. Henry J. Wood—just about to start on a provincial tour.

Mr. Wood, whose picture appears above, ranks as one of the very greatest interpretative conductors of the day, works as hard as the traditional galleyslave. He has often two concerts to conduct in one day, with rehearsals in between, to say nothing of private teaching engagements.

But in spite of such hard work, Mr. Wood seems none the worse. "I enjoy it," he declared, "and it suits me. I never felt better than I did during my American trip, and since I came back."

"What do you think of American orchestras?" was one of the first questions with which Mr. Wood was confronted.

"The New York Philharmonic," he said, "is a splendid all-round band, and the Boston Symphony orchestra struck me as being superb in its string players; the first oboist is also a magnificent player. But the American orchestral player is almost invariably a foreigner; real native American players are very scarce. The Boston Orchestra, for instance, are nearly all Viennese. I think that in the matter of musical enthusiasm New York puts London to the blush. Every season over there the Symphony Concerts are all subscribed for before the season commences—a thing which we have never been able to do here."

And the audiences too are appreciative and enthusiastic. I have come to the conclusion that Americans are a most musical people."

"There was a great scene at the conclusion of your performance of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, was there not?"

"Yes, they received it very kindly," laughed Mr. Wood, "and what touched me most was the way the orchestra appreciated my efforts. They banqueted me, and Mr. Carnegie also gave a dinner to me in New York."

"What did you think of the Parsifal performance?"

"Well, although they are magnificent, I could not but be sorry that 'Parsifal' has been heard outside Bayreuth. For the people to rush out into the noisy Broadway after listening to such a great work seemed to me such a pity. And then they applauded it. I helped to hiss that down, though."

"But I must say that the audience really appreciated the work, and, what's more, had evidently studied it beforehand."

"Another point which struck me on my visit was the deep impression Elgar has made in America. I listened to the rehearsals of 'The Apostles,' which Mr. Walter Damrosch is conducting, and they will give a very fine performance of it. The American people are longing to see Elgar, and if he went over there they would literally worship him."

"American conductors," said Mr. Wood, in conclusion, "seem scarce. Mr. Walter Damrosch and his brother and Mr. Herzs are undoubtedly very able men, but there are hardly any others."

And, having delivered this last opinion, Mr. Wood entered his saloon and departed to Birmingham.

JOURNALIST RECEIVED BY THE TSAR.

Mr. Melville Stone, general manager of the Associated Press, of America, has been received in private audience by the Emperor of Russia. Reuter.

NOVELISTS AND THE SEA.

Examples of Marine Painting to be Found in the Fiction of the Week.

RED MORN. By Max Pemberton. (Cassell and Co., 6s.) THYRA VARRICK. By Amelia Barr. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

The popularity of the sea among modern novelists, especially those of a more or less romantic order, is one of the signs of the times. Perhaps it is only natural. The land is all getting built over. Desirable suburban residences encroach upon the fairest spots of England and the "man from Cook's" profanes the rest of the world. The sea alone remains inexhaustibly virgin.

So they are all writing about it, whether they love it or no—one had almost said whether they know it or no. Happy are they if, like that great master of all sea-novelists, Stoddard, or even like Mr. Clark Russell, whose pen is still "treacherous in calm and terrible in storm," they can boast of some early experiences before the mast or after it, as the case may be! Happy are Mr. Bulwer Lytton, Mr. Morley Roberts, Mr. Frank Butler, Mr. Conrad, Mr. Bart Kennedy, Mr. Louis Bechet, and some other gentlemen whose youthful fortunes they have taken them down to the sea in ships! They can write about the sea by reason both of knowing it and of loving it.

Mr. Pemberton in Storm.

But there is another class of sea-novelist prevalent just now—namely, the sea-novelist who is a novelist first and a seaman afterwards. Such a one is Mr. Max Pemberton. Mr. Pemberton has written often and successfully of the sea, but one has a shrewd suspicion that the sea, even if it may have been his first, is not his only love. His novels, for all their adventure by wind and wave, seldom smelt of the salt, and his last is very much an example of this.

"Red Morn"—for such is its title—is certainly a record of fearfully exciting doings at sea. Desperate gaming on a liner; a wreck; a rescue; a maid wooed by a man, who proved to be not a man at all, but a peer in disguise—such things as these, and many of them, all go to make Mr. Pemberton's story as variously thrilling as his stories usually are.

In passages, indeed, "Red Morn" is almost brilliant. How is this for an observation, there's generally something in these public-school men if you know how to get it out. Imagine what Napoleon would have been if they had educated him at Eton!

But when it comes to the sea itself, one begins to be doubtful of Mr. Pemberton's true love. His sea always must be playing a part—and generally a pretty sensational one—in his melodrama. It must be, as the Cockney boy expressed it when he went down to Brighton for the first time, "mudling about." This, for instance, is the kind of sea Mr. Pemberton favours—

So blinding were the mists of driven rain about the sagging ship that the eye could distinguish little beyond the higher mountains of water which the western gale drove headlong upon the doomed vessel. Unnumbered, infinite, those mighty walls of spray and foam and the Jasper heart rolled in with thunderous report as of cataracts meeting and great waves risen asunder, and all the appalling revelation of Nature in her most terrible mood.

Mrs. Amelia Barr in Calm.

On the other hand, one generally finds that the real whole-hearted lover of the sea prefers it to its real life-like moments. And of this there is a curious example to hand this week in the shape of Mrs. Amelia Barr's new novel, "Thyra Varrick."

Mrs. Barr has hitherto, in her many excellent stories, given few signs of her seamanship as a novelist; but in "Thyra Varrick" she writes of the sea and of seafaring folk—the Orkney fishermen, in particular—with a sympathy that puts her down at once in an altogether different category from the people who write sea stories merely because sea stories are in vogue.

No one who had not cast their spirit abroad, as it were, upon the face of the waters could have written some of the descriptions to be found in "Thyra Varrick." And Mrs. Barr, true to her nature on land, is no lover of storm. The sea in its quietest moods affords her quite enough of inspiration. Here, for instance, are the cliffs of Hoy at morning:

A whispering beauty pervaded everything. The mellow beauty of yesterday was mingled with the dawn of another morning, and the aurora waving, in fantastic shapes of molten colours, its spears of light from east to west, from the horizon to the zenith.

The unbroken stillness of the sea and sky was ghostly and magical; but a little later the air was thick with millions of sea-birds, thick as with snow in a snowstorm; and then, amid the aerial clamour, and unceasing beat and whirl of wings, came the Orkney murmur, the rise, and the changing of the colourless water to deep blue, and the modified radiance of the misty day-dawn.

The white-winged vessel stole through the mist till she dropped her anchor. The Norse bay of the old town of Kirkwall. In all the straits of Orkney, there was no more grey, still streets, and the Norse murmur was in the cold, bright sea, as it beat against the lowly lands—the Fortunate Isles.

Above all, Mrs. Barr manages to get the breath of the sea into her characters, none of whom care anything in them of the traditional sea-dog's trinity of tipple and tar. They are, on the contrary, a calm dignity of their own. The spirit even of Paul Varrick, who was drowned in a gale, may well have been

A peace he has, that none may grieve his life; And rest about him that no love could give; And over him—while life and death shall be—The light and sound and darkness of the sea.

SNATCHED FROM THE HUNGRY SEA.

The King has forwarded his annual subscription of £21 to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, of which his Majesty is the patron. The Institution granted in 1903 rewards for the saving of no fewer than 129 lives from shipwreck on the coast of the United Kingdom.

ECCENTRIC MR. BRYAN.

Saturday will Settle the Will Case of the Barefoot Millionaire.

SOUTH KENSINGTON'S LEGACY.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday.

The First Chamber of the Civil Tribunal of the Seine will, next Saturday, give its decision in the Bryan will case, which has excited some considerable interest in Paris and on the Riviera, where the eccentricities of the late Francis R. Bryan made him well known, by name at all events, to everybody. His relatives have applied to have the bequests set aside on the ground that Mr.



FRANK R. BRYAN, an eccentric American millionaire, resident in Paris, who left when he died thousands of pounds to the South Kensington Museum. He walked about without socks because he was afraid the washwoman would poison them.

Bryan was of unsound mind at the time he made his will. Francis R. Bryan was extremely rich—a millionaire, in dollars if not in pounds sterling—but lived the life of a recluse, and almost of a pauper. Eccentric always and in everything he did, his will is also a peculiar one, for, without a legacy of any kind to members of his family, he leaves £2,000 to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and to the South Kensington Museum in London the whole remainder of his fortune, together with all else that he possesses.

Why He Doffed His Socks.

This, though the most important one, is not the first gift Mr. Bryan has made to the South Kensington Museum. A friend of his—in fact the only friend this strange man ever seems to have had—M. E. de Lagrange, who used to be the French Consul-General in Moscow, states in a letter, which has been put in as evidence of Francis Bryan's insanity by the disinherited and angry relatives, that upon one occasion Mr. Bryan asked him to send an umbrella of no particular value to the South Kensington Museum as a gift from him. Who knows? The legacy may have been meant as a tardy apology for this peculiar form of jest. But it was not only in his presents that Francis Bryan showed his peculiarities. He suffered from the idea that the Prefect of the Paris police and the



GENERAL FRENCH.

He has just lost the favourite charger he is riding in the picture. The horse carried him throughout his South African service, and wore a medal for it. The charger is buried in the General's grounds at Aldershot, and a memorial marks the grave.

(Stereo copyright, Underwood & Underwood.)

Archbishop of Paris had suborned all the washerwomen of the capital to poison him by soaking his socks in an insidious toxic, and for this reason always wore boots next his skin, and wore no socks at all. He was afraid, too, of being poisoned to anything he drank, and never drank at meal-times, or from anything except one of the water fountains which the late Sir Richard Wallace placed all over Paris for the use of the poor. Whenever, too, his tailor sent him home a suit of new clothes, the first thing Mr. Bryan did with them was to put them to soak in water for forty-eight hours, so that the poison should drain out of the cloth before he wore it, and in his pocket he invariably carried a long list of antidotes for poisons of all kinds, which antidotes he frequently pressed M. de Lagrange to get in for his own use, in case of disaster.

For some reason, which no one ever fathomed, Mr. Bryan would never pass the window of the Paris Jockey Club, whose members, he said, had all sworn a solemn vow to stone him to death when and where they could, and his death—he committed suicide in his flat in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, not far from the British Embassy, in

THAMES VILLAGES UNDER WATER.

(See page 11.)



Hardly a time that the owner of this Thames Valley river-side field would select to turn his cows out.



The flood at Hampton Court is serious. The water has invaded the houses near the river. People have to wade into their houses. Here is a man standing on a chair in his room to escape the water.

the same street—was, in his friend's opinion, due to an access of uncontrollable terror.

It is noteworthy that neither the Historical Society of Pennsylvania nor the South Kensington Museum was represented at the first hearing of the case in court, nor have either announced any intention of attending the announcement of the verdict on February 6.

A PERMANENT LOAN.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, Tuesday.

The following extraordinary story has appeared recently in the "Grazer Volksblatt." A few weeks ago a supposed Austrian lieutenant appeared in Pola and begged for the loan, for a few days only for purposes of study, of the Italian flag taken by

CAMPAIGN AGAINST RATS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Tuesday.

The town of Freinwald has been for some time overrun with rats. All efforts to get rid of them having failed, the town authorities have now ordered a "rat hunt" for ten days. This commenced yesterday, and will continue to the 10th. During this period all householders are bound to use every possible means to destroy the vermin. Particulars of the various ways of destroying the vermin have been supplied gratis to all applicants by the first veterinary surgeon in the town. Every householder reports each evening the result of the day's "hunt."

A DICKENS BIRTHDAY PARTY.

At the celebration of the anniversary of Charles Dickens's birthday next Monday evening in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, Mr. H. F.

INEXPENSIVE "SPECIALS."

In Berlin this month the tramway companies are making welcome concessions to pleasure-makers. Anyone can order a special late car on giving twenty-four hours' notice. The price for such specials is £1, irrespective of distance. The cars are divided among a large suburban party. The cost is considerably less than cab fares.

MUNICIPAL MOTHERLINES.

To prevent young working-class mothers feeding their new-born babies with cheese, fried fish, gin and beer, and such like, the Medical Officer of Health for Fulham recently prepared a list of regulations with regard to the care and feeding of infants, which he proposed should be promulgated through the medium of the Municipal Births. The Public Health Committee of the Borough Council reported yesterday.



A general idea of the Hampton Court district may be gathered from this picture. "Water, water everywhere," and not a boat in sight.



This is the sort of thing the river-side housewife has to submit to in flood time. She is standing on a plank waiting for the tide to deliver the day's supplies.

the Austrian warship Ferdinand Max in the battle of Lissa, which was preserved in the Marine Arsenal at Pola. The Austrian officer showed a number of papers from the War Office, Vienna, of the genuineness of which with regard to signatures and seals there appeared to be no doubt. So this valuable trophy, which a few days after the sinking of the Italian ship Re d'Italia had been recovered from the depths of the sea and placed in the Arsenal at Pola, was handed over to the officer. When, however, the stipulated time for the loan had expired, and there was no sign of the return of the flag, inquiries were made at the War Office, when the staggering information was received that they knew nothing of the transaction

Dickens, K.C., the only surviving son of the Master in this country, will preside, and will be supported by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., Mr. Harold Begbie, Mr. M. H. Spielmann, and other well-known people. Mr. Bransby Williams, the celebrated impersonator of Dickens's characters, will also help in making the celebration a success.

WOMEN NOT WANTED.

New York theatre goers are threatened with a strike among the theatre attendants. Up to the present the theatre attendants have always been men, but at the Majestic Theatre seven women attendants have been introduced. The men have not taken at all kindly to the innovation, and they

regard to the present high rate of wages paid to amusee infants, which was to a large extent due to improper feeding and care, the local authorities of the proposed, and had given instructions accordingly.

UNION JACK CLUB ICE CARNIVAL.

Their Majesties the King and Queen have pressed their intention of attending the Union Jack Club Ice Carnival at the National Skating Palace, Argyle-street, W., to-morrow.

PICTURES PAINTED BY FOOT.

The celebrated genre painter, Adam Sips, who was born without arms and painted with his left foot, has just died in Düsseldorf, writes the



Another scene in the Thames Valley. There will be no shelter in this shed till the flood has subsided.



The roads in many of the villages close to the river in the Thames Valley are submerged, and if the flood increases, the inhabitants will have to travel from house to house in boats. Their cellars are already flooded.

and had sent no one to Pola. A few weeks later it was discovered that a week after the abduction of the flag it had found its way to Italy, and had been placed in the Arsenal at Venice, though how it reached there still remains a mystery.

have informed the management that unless the women attendants are dismissed they will go out on strike. The management have decided to continue their experiment in employing women attendants.

Berlin correspondent. He showed it to a remarkable talent for colour, and a career of an artist when he arrived in London. A great favourite in the city, he was known as a wit as well as a painter.

Work for Women Bread-winners.

"FAIR" CHEMISTS.

PHARMACY AS A PAYING PROFESSION

The opportunities which pharmacy presents to women as a means of earning a livelihood have, unfortunately, been the subject of some misrepresentation in the Press lately, and still more unnecessary has been the estimate of the work and remuneration necessary to fit women for the practice of pharmacy.

If pharmacy be taken to mean only the making up of a physician's prescriptions, and this is what many people do mean for the majority of women, there are two possible courses open to the would-be chemist.

The Curriculum Defined.

The Society of Apothecaries, whose seat is at Apothecaries Hall, Blackfriars, London, E.C., and who were the first body to hold a charter entitling them to grant certificates to persons undergoing examination in pharmacy and allied subjects, is it true, the certificate of an "Assistant Apothecary," which only necessarily means a few months' training under a qualified chemist and examination, not of the most exacting kind, in Materia Medica, chemistry, and B.P.—the latter having no real meaning, not the British public, but the British Pharmacopœia, which is the official standard of drugs and preparations of drugs in medicine.

How this examination and course of study can, quite true, be obtained by a woman of no pre-existing knowledge of, or experience in, pharmacy, in a period of six to twelve months' work, and why this is the most that the majority of women attempt.

What the Work Implies.

It is quite true that the London Boards of Guardians, and some country boards, too, advertise for the acceptance of this qualification for applicants to workhouse infirmaries and dispensaries, but when making an appointment as dispenser to such institutions they almost invariably give the preference, and very rightly too, to those applicants who hold the qualification of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, which will now be described.

This qualification, it may be said, is the only one which entitles the holder to "keep open shop" for the sale of poisons. I would-be pharmacist will probably say, "Oh, I don't want to keep a shop to sell poisons; I want to dispense medicines." It may be pointed out that if it is necessary to undergo a

severe training to entitle one to sell poisons, it is equally necessary—indeed, even more necessary—to possess a practical knowledge of drugs, poisons or otherwise, and their manipulation, in order to scientifically compound medicines; moreover, public bodies are quite alive to this fact now and act on it in appointing their dispensers. We will assume, then, that our aspirant to pharmacy is going to undergo the full ordeal.

Firstly, then, she must pass a preliminary examination, approximating pretty closely to the second-class of the College of Preceptors examination: the subjects being English grammar and composition, Latin, a modern foreign language, arithmetic, Algebra, and Euclid. A fee of two

guineas has at this stage that a wise consideration of her course of action may mean a great deal in the ease and time with which our candidate may obtain her qualifications.

The examination at the close of the apprenticeship lasts two days. On the first day candidates have about three hours' practical dispensing of prescriptions and making of "B.P." preparations, and also three hours' practical chemistry, involving a knowledge of analysis of mineral salts, either singly or in mixtures, and also the ability to find out the amount of such substances present.

On the second day the candidate has to undergo a searching viva-voce examination in chemistry, botany, materia medica—i.e., the study of drugs and substances used in medicine—pharmacy (theoretical), and prescription reading; together with an exact knowledge of doses and so forth.

Now it is, I think, fairly obvious that the knowledge and practical experience necessary to enable

which possesses a pharmaceutical laboratory, and where the chief is a practical chemist.

A woman holding this qualification could hold a post as dispenser to an institution with a salary ranging from £75 to £150 per annum.

The qualifying examination or "minor" can only be taken in London or Edinburgh.

THE DAILY TIME-SAVER.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 73.—FILETS DE SOLE AMERICAINE.

By M. FERRARIO, Chef of Romano's Restaurant.

Peel two firm tomatoes, cut them in four, well pipped, and cook in an oven for five minutes, and well season. Fillet two soles, lay them on the table, skin side up, season well, place on each a piece of tomato, roll your fillet to have the tomato in centre, put through them a silver skewer, and grill them. Serve in a cocotte, having first put in the bottom one ladle of crayfish sauce.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End Shops.

No. 239.—DORMERS.

INGREDIENTS.—Three ounces of rice, half a pound of any cold meat, two ounces of suet, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one egg, breadcrumbs, salt and pepper.

Well wash the rice, then put it in a pan with plenty of fast boiling salted water and boil till it is tender. Then strain off the water. Chop the meat and suet very finely, mix them with the boiled rice, add the parsley, and salt and pepper to taste.

Roll this mixture into small sausages, brush each over with beaten egg, and cover it with breadcrumbs. When all are done, fry them a golden brown in plenty of boiling fat. Garnish with fried parsley and serve.

Cost 1s. for eight portions.

No. 240.—OYSTERS A L'AMERICAINE.

INGREDIENTS.—One ounce of butter, one dessert-spoonful of cornflour, one gill of cream, the yolk of one egg, a little lemon juice, one dozen oysters.

Melt the butter in a saucepan, then stir the cornflour smoothly into it, add the cream and oyster liquor, and stir it over the fire till the flour is

THE WONDERFUL WAYS OF THE SMART NEW VEIL.



It is upon the veil that the milliner of this critical moment is expending most zeal. How to make it a very conspicuous item of her various wares is her anxiety. The model that centres this trio of pretty pieces of headgear has a veil utilised in the form of strings passed right over the crown beneath great clumps of roses, and tied in a precise bow under the chin. Before passing to another form of the veil, note the frilled brim of this model, a perfect billow of chiffon. Then observe on the right a hat of gauged green panne, edged with mink, and furnished on the left side with a draped veil of green Chantilly, the long end of which falls over the shoulders. In the first column a velvet picture hat, plumed with ostrich feathers, and furnished with flowing satin strings, will be perceived.

guineas has at this stage to be paid to the Registrar, 17, Bloomsbury-square, London.

Having passed this examination, our aspirant to pharmaceutical honours can register as an apprentice or student. The examination can be taken at almost any town of any size, and in lieu of this examination the certificates of various other examining bodies are accepted, particulars of which can be obtained from the Registrar. This preliminary over, our candidate can commence her purely technical training.

Before the qualifying examination or "minor" can be attempted, the candidate must be twenty-one years old, and must produce a certificate or indenture showing that she has for the space of three years been practically engaged in the translation and

one to face such an ordeal make a three years' apprenticeship not a day too long.

Quite the majority of candidates go straight from apprenticeship to one of the pharmaceutical schools of the metropolis, or of our large towns, to prepare there for the "minor."

A complete course at a school costs about 10 guineas for six months, exclusive of books and apparatus, which might cost another two or three pounds.

The examination fee itself is 10 guineas. By far the wisest course for our candidate is to serve her apprenticeship with a chemist who makes his own preparations of drugs, and is willing to give practical instruction in the same, or perhaps better still, in one of our hospitals or infirmaries



Green Chantilly Veil, posed upon a green panne model.

cooked. Next beat the yolk and add it to the sauce, rheat but do not let the sauce boil; season it nicely with salt, pepper, and lemon juice; add the oysters, and serve at once, garnished with snippets of fried bread.

Cost 2s. 8d. for six portions.



A velvet Hat of a most picturesque shape.

Sixth Weekly Bridge Competition.

Conducted by ERNEST BERGHOLT.

The first Prize of £20 for the best letter has been awarded to eight solvers, who are hereby sent to each of the following:—
Mr. H. B. Sanders, 7, Western-terrace, Folkestone.
Mr. J. H. St. George, 7, Western-terrace, Folkestone.
Mr. J. H. St. George, 7, Western-terrace, Folkestone.
Mr. J. H. St. George, 7, Western-terrace, Folkestone.
Mr. J. H. St. George, 7, Western-terrace, Folkestone.
Mr. J. H. St. George, 7, Western-terrace, Folkestone.
Mr. J. H. St. George, 7, Western-terrace, Folkestone.
Mr. J. H. St. George, 7, Western-terrace, Folkestone.
Mr. J. H. St. George, 7, Western-terrace, Folkestone.
Mr. J. H. St. George, 7, Western-terrace, Folkestone.

The author of the "problem" that was submitted for criticism discovered, soon after seeing it in print, that there was a second solution; he remained unaware of the third until we pointed it out. We were in hopes that a few of the solvers might have soared to the height of suggesting remedies for the deficiencies of the position. One competitor proposed an interchange of the two clubs, but this wholly fails to preserve the original idea. Emendations have also been proposed both by the Bridge Editor and by Mr. Albert Mayer.

BY THE BRIDGE EDITOR.

♠ Q, 7.
♥ Q, 5.
♦ Q, 5.
♣ A.
N. 5, 3.
W. 7, 3.
E. 7, 3.
S. 7, 3.

BY ALBERT MAYER.

♠ Q, 9.
♥ Q, 5.
♦ Q, 5.
♣ A.
N. 5, 3.
W. 7, 3.
E. 7, 3.
S. 7, 3.

In each case hearts are trumps, and South has the lead. N.S. are to win four tricks against any possible defence.

Thus may problems be made to increase and multiply. The former correction is, of course, the simpler, as it only involves the transposition of two cards, but the resultant solution is not the one intended by the author. Hence, from a purely

accidental error, we evolve a not uninteresting little example of strategy.

NOT ENTITLED TO RELIEF.

(To the Bridge Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

In the case for decision in your issue of January 26, on which you invite opinions, I do not think the player is entitled to much sympathy, nor to any relief on account of the dealer's contributory negligence.

The player was almost certain that he had not played to the trick, and actually put down a card for it, which the dealer refused or neglected to gather; the player could have settled the point immediately by counting his cards, and he ought to have protected himself from a penalty by doing so.

It is an undisputed fact that the player played only one card to two tricks, and the case appears clearly to come under Law 84: the dealer may claim a new deal.

BADSWORTH.

* SEVENTH WEEKLY COMPETITION.

In consequence of numerous letters from country subscribers, solutions to the above will be received up to Friday next.

OUR NEW FEUILLETON

THE PATH OF THE PRODIGAL.

A STORY OF THE "NEVER-NEVER LAND."

By WILSON BARRETT, Actor-Manager and Author of "The Sign of the Cross," etc.

FOR NEW READERS.

They were both "sundowners" and chums, and in the twilight their friends often mistook Jack Landon for John Mowbray, and vice versa. But there the resemblance stopped. For while John Mowbray was a clean, upright Englishman, Jack Landon had gone under. Drink first, then crime—for which John Mowbray had suffered—and finally a marriage with a woman known throughout that part of Australia as "Sal" had done for Jack Landon, who had even dropped his real name, which was Landale, in order to conceal his shame.

Perhaps Mowbray would have left the camp at Woolloogoolunga and the "Never-Never Land" behind for ever if it had not been for Landon's daughter. She was only twelve years old, but owing to the fact that she had, like Topsy, been left to "grow," was older in life than years, and there was not man who knew her who would not have done anything for "Smudgee." But it was John Mowbray who had been both father and mother to her. One day during "the great drought," a letter came for Jack Landon. It was from his sister in England, a girl whom he had not seen since she was a child of six. She said that Landon's stepfather had died leaving him heir to much property, and that his mother was calling to see him; if he did not come home to England his mother would die of grief.

But Landon saw himself as he was, not fit to see his mother, and he dared not go. No, he dared not see the look of horror on her face when she should see her son marked with the sign of the beast. He told Mowbray that he must take his place. While they were speaking news came that a near-by homestead was in flames, and the two men went to the rescue.

Some hours later a tattered-looking tramp appeared before "Sal." He was her first husband, called Nat. He declares that he knows Landon, and has seen him recently. This Sal declares to be impossible. "I know who you've seen," she says. "Well, who was it?" he inquires.

"Jack Mowbray," Sal replied, "my husband's partner. In looks they are like twins."

Nat went on to say that he wanted money. If Sal did not get it for him he would tell the truth, which would mean prison for her for bigamy. He left her as the men were returning from the fire. Between them they were carrying the crushed body of Jack Landon. Landon only spoke once again before he died. Again he asked Mowbray to go home to England in his place.

While on the next day Mowbray was gone to fetch the parson for the funeral of Landon, Sal searched her dead husband's pockets for the letter she knew he had written.

But she does not find any letter, and so is left in the dark as to the reason for Jack Mowbray's sudden resolve to leave the camp.

Jack Mowbray arranges that Tom Hewley, "a straight man," shall accompany him to England. Jack finds that the hardest task is to wrench himself away from Smudgee.

Jack and Hewley go down to Sydney and see Messrs. Martin and Martin, the solicitors who had forwarded the letter to Jack Landon. Everything goes off without a hitch.

At the hotel Jack recognises in the person of a drunken man an Grimes, whom he had seen when in prison.

CHAPTER XI.

The Coming of Wong.

The next morning dawned terribly hot. There was a wind blowing, but it came laden with the heat of the northern deserts, where the aborigines were dying of thirst and starvation; where, in rainless Queensland, out of a season's total of twenty-one millions of sheep, fourteen millions had perished from the same causes.

Accustomed as they were to the hot sun of the northern bush, the damp heat of Sydney nearly prostrated the two men. Every window was closed to keep out the hot air, but still they felt half-stifled. It was one hundred and ten in the shade, and the humidity was that of an overheated vapour bath. It was almost unendurable, but Sydney is a place of climatic surprises. There was a sudden lull—a stillness—a darkening of the sun—a vivid flash of lightning—a roar of thunder—a sudden rush of wind from the south, followed by a dust-storm which filled the air, and drove the people into doorways and shops for shelter. Windows were blown in—chimney-pots and signboards hurled to the ground; horses were frightened, shying and bolting; the temperature fell, in a few minutes, from one hundred and ten to seventy-two. Hail stones the size of pea-nuts rattled on roofs, windows, and on the flying pedestrians who were now shivering with the cold. Flash followed flash of forked and sheet lightning; peal upon peal of roaring, crackling thunder deafened the ears. It was as if pandemonium had broken loose. A "southerly buster," as the natives call it, had arrived. That was all.

Jack threw open the windows of his room when the storm subsided, saying:

"The 'Southerly Buster' has departed, Tom. Come out on the balcony here, and cool off."

Jack leaned over the balustrade of the balcony to look into the streets, and then gave vent to an exclamation of surprise. And well he might, for opposite to him, with the well-known open smile upon his yellow face, stood Wong.

"Look there, Tom!" he said.

"Well, I'm blest if it is not that imperturbable, immovable, heathen Chinese, Wong! What is he doing, and how on earth did he get here?" Tom asked.

"I'll go down and see," said Jack. And he motioned Wong to remain where he was. The caution was unnecessary. Wong would not have stirred for a week. He had been waiting for Jack ever since his arrival by the morning express.

"What the dickens do you want, Wong?" Jack queried as he walked up to him.

The Chinaman smiled wider than ever, and answered:

"Wong no stopper Woolloogoolunga now one Jackie go dead—and another Jackie go muchee long way off."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Wong wantee go away with Jackie—and work for him allsee time."

"Work for me—how?"

"Me wasse—wassee you—me cookee—cookee you—me dessee—dessee you—me allsee samee ebleting you. Me want to go along of you plitty bad."

Beckoning Tom to go down, Jack took the Celestial on into the Arcade and questioned him further.

"How did you pay your fare here, Wong?"

Wong smiled, and said:—

"Railway peoples no askue Wong for fares—ley no see Wong—Wong lilly bit hiee allsee time."

"How?"

"Me lidee on le axleys allsee time."

"Well, well, you blessed old fraud, you must be sore from head to foot," said Jack, compassionately.

Wong's reply was to smile and gently rub himself.

"Here, go and get something to eat at one of your Chinese restaurants. But don't eat Sydney rats. Wong. They are too succulent, even for a Chinaman. After your meal go some decent clothes—English, mind—and come along here, and ask for—'for Jove'!"

Jack stopped. How was he to account to Wong for his change of name?

Tom saw the difficulty, and added:

"For Mr. Thomas Hewley. And, see here, you blagging old pirate, answer no questions, and say nothing—do you hear?—nothing of us to anyone, or I'll tan your yellow hide into top-boots. Savee?"

"Wong savvee wellee muchee."

"See you do. And come back at four o'clock, see?"

"Wong clum backee—one-two-three-four times all along—"

"No, you blessed old Mongolian! Come one time only, at four o'clock. Savee now?" asked Tom.

Me muchee allsee lightee now," replied Wong.

"Now, go and eat, and get your new clothes," said Jack, as he handed the delighted and astonished Wong five sovereigns. "Off you go, and don't forget four o'clock."

Wong smiled and shuffled quickly off down Castlereagh-street towards the Chinese quarter, and the friends returned to their rooms.

"What does that like a Chinaman? He's bilked the railway people without a quail of conscience, and yet is faithful enough to me to risk his neck to follow me. How did he find out I was staying here?" asked Jack.

"From some of his countrymen who wash or work for the hotel, most probably," answered Tom. "A Chinaman will find out anything he wants to discover. But what are you going to do with him?"

"Take him with me. He'll make an invaluable servant, and, as I shall want one who will be faithful, and never gossip, I consider Wong a real good find."

Wong was punctual to a minute. Tom was waiting for him, and hardly recognised him. Wong had on a quiet suit of English cut, navy blue, a stiff white shirt and collar, a black tie and a hard bowler hat. Leading him to Jack's room he left him and Jack together.

"And now, Wong, do you know where I am going?" asked Jack.

Wong took his head, and said "No."

"Samee where I go? Allee samee—Wong go along allsee time."

"Why do you want to go along with me?"

Wong smiled, but made no reply.

"Is it because I shall pay you plenty money?"

"Wong no wantee plitty money. Me go along—welly lilly dollars."

"I may go all round the world."

"Allee samee."

"Where did you first see me?"

"Me first see you in Sian Francisco."

"What!" asked Jack, in amazement. "In San Francisco?"

Wong gave an assenting nod of the head.

"When and where?"

"Longa timee back—Market Sileet, Flisco. Melican man try to knife Wong. Jackie plitty click stop Melican man—so." And Wong pantomimed the delivery of a straight left and the tumbling over of an imaginary antagonist.

Jack recalled the incident, which he had quite forgotten. A drunken bully had drawn a knife on a Chinaman against whom he had collided in Market-street. The Chinaman had tried to avoid him in vain. The ruffian blamed Wong for the collision, and would undoubtedly have stabbed him but for Jack. Wong had been drawn to Jack by that strong personal magnetism which so strangely attracted almost all who came in contact with him; had watched him often, and had done many little things for him at odd times. All this had passed out of Jack's mind, but Wong had remembered.

"Why the dickens didn't you tell me this at Woolloogoolunga?" asked Jack.

"Jackee no talkee—Wong no talkee."

The extraordinary reticence of the average Chinaman—out of his own circle, at least—has often

been commented upon. Here was this strange creature content to follow the man who had saved his life, from San Francisco to Australia—for that is what Wong had actually done, taking a steamer passage on the same vessel, after exchanging the certificate for landing with a fellow-countryman. This is habitually practiced, the difficulty of distinguishing one Chinaman from another making the fraud pretty easy.

"Well, welly well!" mused Jack. "Then you followed me here?"

Wong nodded his head.

"When?"

"Allee samee boatee—Moana."

"Well, if you are not the most mystifying creature I ever met, I have certainly forgotten who is," said Jack, regarding Wong curiously.

Wong smiled.

"How did you know I had come on here?"

"Smudgee tellee Wong."

"How is Smudgee?"

"Smudgee lilly sick."

"What is the matter?" asked Jack, anxiously.

"Cos Jackie go alonga away."

"Poor little woman." Jack sorrowed to think she was grieving for him, but it could not be avoided. He determined to write to her that very day, and expend some of the first of the money he received out of the estate in purchasing presents for her and her mother.

As to Wong, Jack had already decided. He was just the sort of servant he wanted. If he could be so silent for years on such a matter as he had now, for the first time, mentioned, there would be no fear of his gossiping over others.

"Well, Wong, we are off to-morrow back to San Francisco, in the Alameda. I must see about your passage and permission to land."

"Wong mission can get no tubble."

"Oh, indeed! You swoopee with another Chinese feller?"

"Yes, allee samee, for lilly few dollars."

"Well, I suppose that's all right for a Chinaman, but as you happen to be my servant, we'll act on the square allee samee, my faithful Mongolian," said Jack. "Now, give us a sample of your work. Jackie allee my clothes. Savee?"

And Jack pointed to a very disorderly array of wearing apparel, linen, boots, and shoes, which had been sent to him on his orders.

And Wong again astonished Jack by folding and packing the articles with a neatness and definiteness that might have excited the envy of the valet of a fashionable Belgravian.

CHAPTER XII.

Jack Goes Shopping.

Jack went off alone to Anthony's Stores, the Bon Marche or Viteley's of Sydney, and, interviewing the head of the ladies' costumes department, told her of his desire to provide an outfit for two ladies. Describing the general appearance of Sal and Smudgee, he asked her to do her best as to colour, style, and approximate fit.

"What do you wish me to send?" asked the manageress.

"Well, dresses—the usual things—well, you know—everything," was the slightly indefinite and vague reply.

The manageress was smiling. Certainly, Jack was entertaining. His honest, handsome face wore a look of confusion. He was fidgeting and stammering. He looked so deliciously helpless that the ladies' fashions department, told her of his desire to provide an outfit for two ladies. Describing the general appearance of Sal and Smudgee, he asked her to do her best as to colour, style, and approximate fit.

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"Dunno. I dunno," wailed Smudgee. "he went 'e was goin' out o' the bush for ever, an' 'e went."

"You plitty better now!"

"I'm all right now," answered Smudgee, in a dull, apathetic way.

"Can Wong go allee along plitty klick—bye, bye." And, without another word, he shuffled off into the bush.

Learning that Jack had gone to Thompson's Hotel, he hurriedly got his belongings together, and followed him there—only to learn he had left for the railway station in Thompson's trap. Without the least hesitation, he started to walk through the train shed after Jack; but when he arrived the train had departed. Learning that Jack had booked to Sydney, he determined to follow him. This he managed by concealing himself on goods trucks, and riding under the carriages on the axles or buffers, or in any other way that chance provided, seeing off before the train stopped, and waiting his opportunity of slipping on again before it started.

Worn out and sore, he arrived in Sydney, and going to the Chinese quarter, learned that a laundry-man—a fellow countryman—that a person resembling Jack was stopping at Thompson's Hotel, he immediately took up his post opposite the hotel entrance, and so caught sight of him on the balcony, as already described.

When Wong left her, Smudgee walked slowly and disconsolately home. How changes a life seemed now. Her father dead, Jack gone away, and all the light seemed to have gone out of her life.

She was sitting outside the hut, in a furious temper with no one on whom she could vent it. She turned upon Smudgee angrily:

"Where yer been ter all day, eh? Don't yer know I'm all alone 'ere, eh?"

"Yus, I know, well enough, and you ain't got no one," said Smudgee, mournfully. "I'm alone."

"I could ha' told you that. I know it well enough. I—I—." And she paused.

Smudgee's face was so pitifully and so tenderly angrier subsided, and she continued, in a tone almost of tenderness:

"Well, don't fret about it. It can't be helped. It's a good thing, really."

"Old yer tongue if yer can't say nuffin good about 'im. He was our best friend—your best friend—best friend of 'im as is gone, an' we never get another like 'im."

"Ullio, what yer sayin' 'ere?" she suddenly exclaimed. "He looked up to see Nat standing looking at them both."

"What do I want? I want somethin' to eat and drink, and I want it pretty quick," replied Smudgee.

"Nuffin fur you, so get out," moved Cecil.

"An' get out quick, or you'll be moved out," said Wong.

"I go when yer mother tells me, not afore, yer young 'un," said Smudgee.

"Tell this sundowner to 'ump 'is biley eum-bum where else, an' 'ump it quick."

"None o' 'is sort 'anging round 'er."

"Mind yer own business, an' stop 'er."

"E'll stay 'ere as long as I like. It ain't no 'er yer affairs."

"An' tell me when it's ready."

"Oh! That's it, it is," said Smudgee, in contemptuous anger.

"Yus, that's it. An' let's hear no more talk about it. Go an' do it," said Sal.

"I'll go and make the tea; but if that fly-blower swagger thinks I'm givin' 'im a good time, he's mistaken. This ain't 'is 'otel for bustin' into the waitin' 'im, an' if it wur, I ain't goin' to do it."

"And Smudgee, with a look of the highest scorn at the dilapidated Nat, went into the house.

"You've brought 'er up beautifully. She's a credit to her no gittin' 'over that."

"Never mind whether she is or not—'er's been much troubled by 'er, anyway," said Smudgee.

"That's 'er comin' back 'ere," said Smudgee.

"First place, cos I'm yer lovin' 'usband, an' I ain't only yer got at present—in a way."

"Kind o' lonesome, arter havin' 'in a way."

"Ad two. Second place, cos I'm starvin' an' need some tucker. So, if yer don't mind, I'll go an' nible a bit o' somethin' while 'er obdurate daughter boils the bloomin' billy."

They both entered the hut, to Smudgee's annoyance. The billy, or kettle, was boiling on the fire, and she was putting the tea into the pot.

Eying Nat with supreme disdain, saying:

"There—I've made the tea. Elp yerself. Much good may it do yer. If yer can take yer 'ot when yer've 'ad it, do. If yer can take yer 'ot when yer've 'ad it, do. If yer can take yer 'ot when yer've 'ad it, do."

Smudgee went out, and her mother saw her more for some hours.

Nat chuckled as Smudgee left the room, marking:

"Well, as I said afore, she is a 'ot 'un, an' a daughter Loocy. I've 'eard plenty 'er say as much blood 'er. I believe it. There's all my 'er independence in that gal. Wot I likes 'er, an' ain't no bloomin' prevarication 'bout 'er."

"Wot she means, an' means wot she says."

"I can see meself exactly in that gal. 'Er it's a kid. Let yer wot, Sal. Me an' Smudgee's a 'ouse arter arter we've been together 'er months."

"Two," said Nat, helping himself to a huge piece of damper.

"Wot yer mean by a month or two? Do yer think yer goin' ter stop 'ere?"

"Not much I don't. But I think yer a fine woman, an' goin' ter chum up again. Yer woman ain't no Sal; a bit heavier, but a fine woman still. An' I ain't no lonesome, arter havin' 'in a way."

"I'll sit 'ere with Nat knowin' 'is little 'er of my table. Vell sit there many a day, an' 'ere, old gal, an' if I can't know 'is little 'er, I'll 'ump ourselves down to Sydney, if I please; but by rail, my gal, by rail."

To be continued.

